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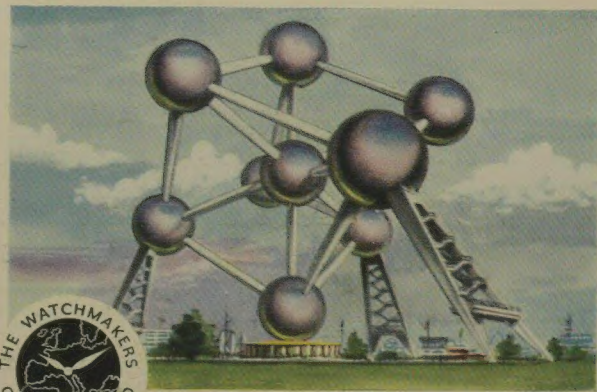
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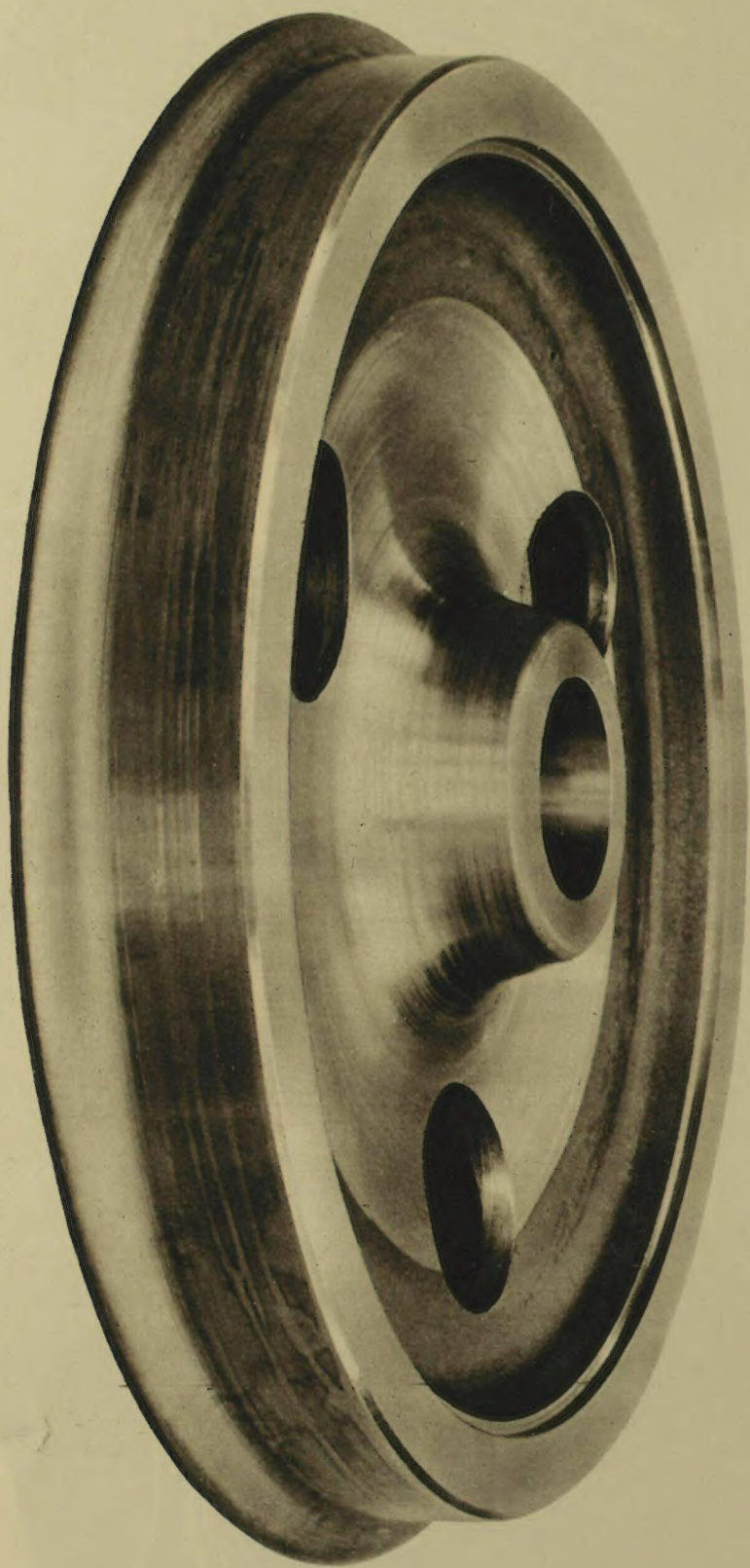
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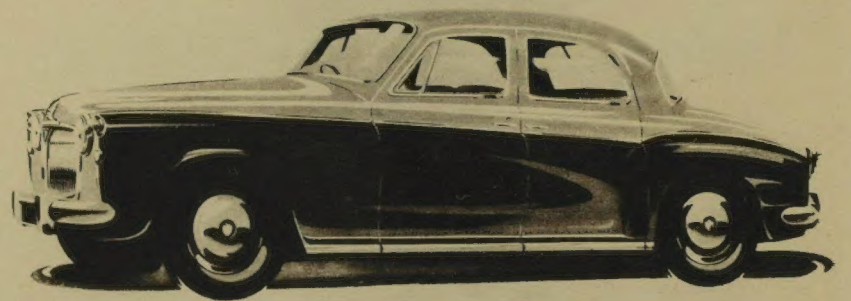
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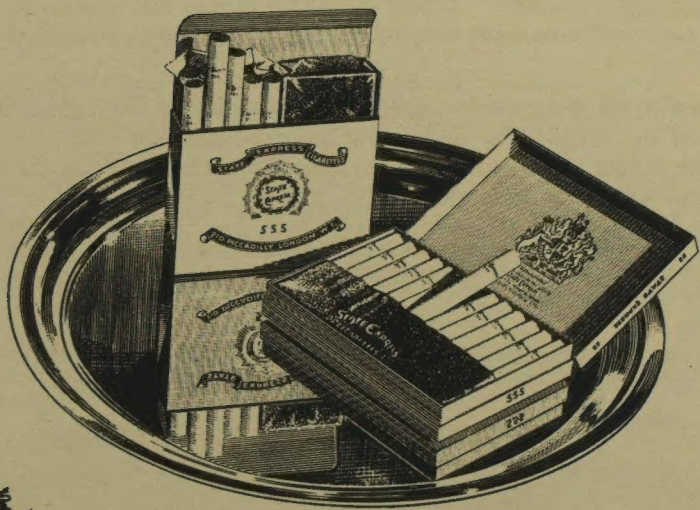
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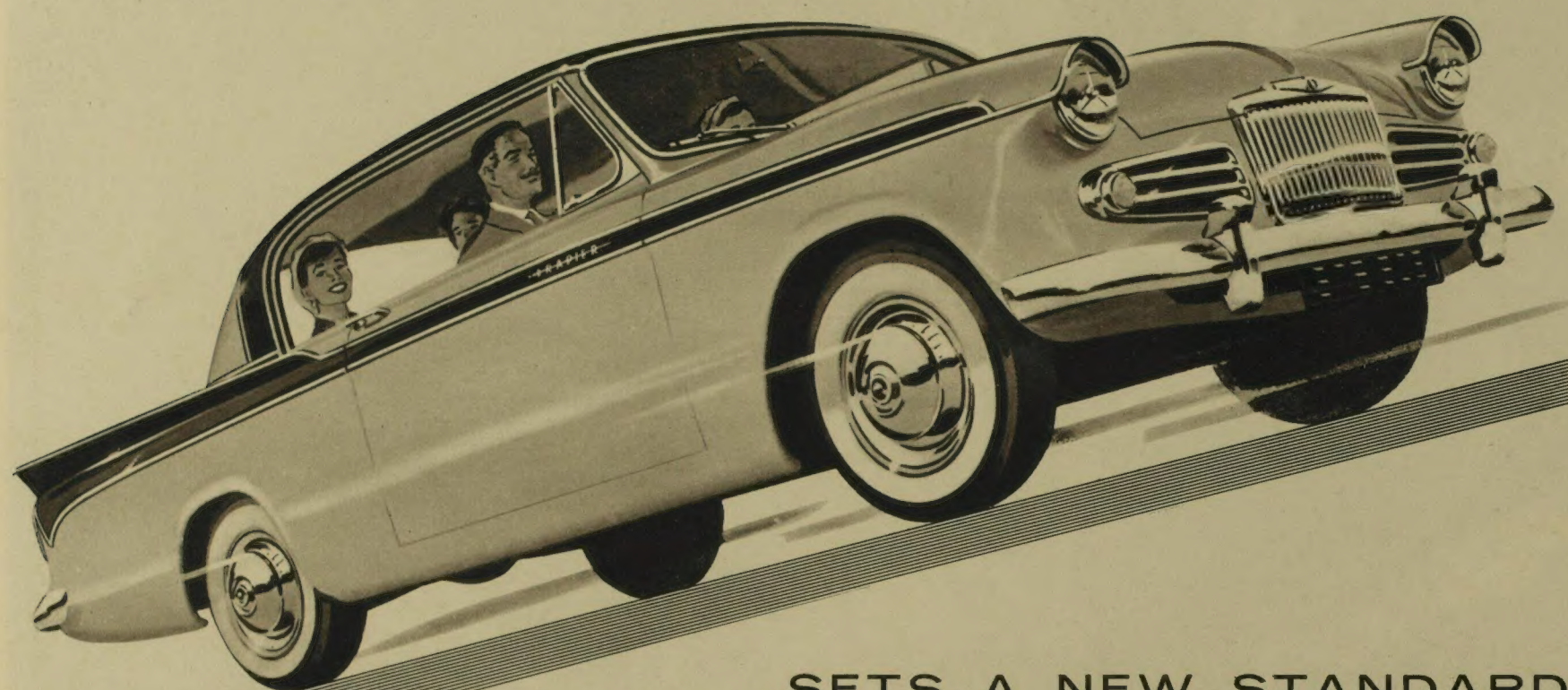
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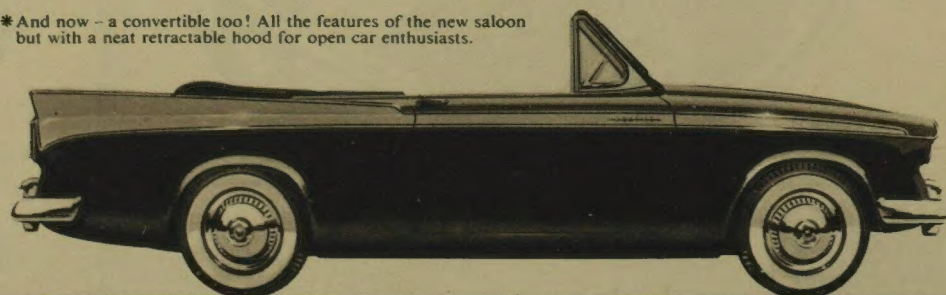
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SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1958.



THE STRIKING CENTRAL EXHIBIT AT BRUSSELS: THE ATOMIUM, WHICH TOWERS OVER 300 FT. INTO THE SKY.

Towering above the other buildings on the huge site of the Brussels Exhibition, which was to be opened by King Baudouin on April 17, is the Atomium. Like the Eiffel Tower in an earlier world display, the Atomium is the focal point and highlight of the Exhibition. One of the aims of this great display at Brussels is to foster international understanding. The Atomium, however, aptly symbolises the dawn of the atomic era, and the technical and scientific side of the Exhibition. A striking exhibit in itself, the Atomium also offers a

series of exhibitions illustrating the peaceful uses of atomic energy in its lower spheres. Each of these is some 60 ft. in diameter, the topmost one housing a restaurant which is reached by a lift. The Atomium is of metal construction and represents a metal crystal magnified millions of times. The silvery spheres are illuminated at night to give the effect of electrons rotating about the nucleus of the atom. From the windows and portholes in the spheres there is a magnificent view of the Exhibition as a whole.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE findings of the Tribunal set up to investigate the charges made in Parliament and Press about improper disclosures of last autumn's decision to raise the Bank Rate made two things clear. First, that none of the persons whose part in these transactions was investigated by the Tribunal acted in the slightest degree improperly. Secondly, that so far as the conduct of these persons was reflected upon, the charges—or rather, insinuations—against them should never have been made. It is not a pleasant thing to contemplate that honourable men against whom a judicial tribunal of the highest impartiality and authority could find after prolonged investigation not even the slightest evidence of professional impropriety, should have been put to the torture—for it can have been little less—of weeks of cruel and shaming publicity based on utterly groundless insinuations. Even when the Tribunal was sitting and the newspapers were full of accounts of the evidence and cross-examination of the principal witnesses, it was difficult, reading their truncated reports of the proceedings, to feel certain that all of those whose professional and public conduct was under investigation had not been guilty of minor faults of omission or commission that, if substantiated, might have made them seem unworthy of the trust reposed in them. It is one of the paradoxes—and a most unfortunate one—of the freedom of the Press that we so justly prize that, while the Press's right to broadcast damaging insinuations against public men is jealously insisted upon, the amount of space the Press is able to devote to the subsequent refutation of such rumours is nearly always too small to correct the misleading impression created by the initial publicity given to them. Trial by Press is an unjust business because there is scarcely ever space enough in a newspaper's crowded and current news-conscious columns for the defence to complete its case. Before it has done so, some new sensation, or accusation, has crowded out the old one.

Those who found themselves, so unjustly, in the public pillory over the alleged Bank Rate "leak" were more than usually unfortunate. For the average man and woman has little understanding of the mysterious movements of money. Why the values of currencies should vary, why Government-guaranteed and fixed-interest bearing stocks should rise and fall, why the movements of the Bank Rate should cause millions to be lost or gained in a few hours are mysteries the public can never fathom. Economists and bankers of the more communicative kind will patiently explain them in comparatively simple language, but their explanations never seem to have much effect. For all the acres of newsprint devoted to the discussion of the Bank Rate "leak" and to the subsequent Tribunal cross-examination, I doubt if one newspaper reader in a thousand understands the workings of the City and of high finance any better than he did before.

On the face of it, there is, or appears to be, a good deal of unreason in our financial system. It works, and it brings profit, as any system must, to those who operate it with skill and judgment. And it serves the public. But whether it serves the public as well as it might is another matter. For one thing, it offers its greatest rewards to those who most accurately forecast the fluctuations in money values. And human nature being what it is, where fortunes are to be made by forecasting the rockings of the ship of State or the money market, there will never be wanting

persons to rock the ship of State or money market for the purpose of creating such fluctuations. Now a state of flux may be good for speculation, but it is seldom good for a nation. The virtues which create a prosperous and happy society are industry, thrift, craftsmanship and the love of work that comes from craftsmanship. Yet it is precisely the monetary rewards of these virtues that are taxed most savagely under our present fiscal system. On the other hand, the speculator who buys cheap and sells dear, and creates artificial fluctuations in the market in order that he may do so, escapes taxation altogether. So does the open gambler. A man who earned by productive labour—by creating something, that is, that would enrich his fellow-men and country—the equivalent of a top-level football-pool prize,

MR. HEATHCOAT AMORY'S FIRST BUDGET.



PREPARING FOR THE 1958 BUDGET, WHICH WAS TO BE PRESENTED ON APRIL 15: MR. HEATHCOAT AMORY, WHO BECAME CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN JANUARY. With the familiar budget box beside him, Mr. Heathcoat Amory is seen here at his desk in the Treasury preparing for the Budget which he was to present in the House of Commons on April 15. Mr. Heathcoat Amory was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer on January 6, on the resignation of Mr. Thorneycroft. He had previously been Minister of Agriculture, and has also held office as Minister of Pensions and Minister of State, Board of Trade. He sits as Member of Parliament for the Tiverton Division of Devonshire.

would have to pay nineteen shillings or more of every pound earned to the tax collector. A man who "wins" this sum in a pool competition or by putting money on a horse doesn't contribute a penny in tax on such money to the National Exchequer. And below these extreme examples of the anti-social contrast between earned and taxed income and unearned and untaxed speculation there is a vast range of activities which result in financial gain or appreciation that attract no tax. Under our present tax system scarcely anyone after paying his taxes on them could earn enough from a productive activity or profession, or accumulate enough capital from the savings of such taxed activity or profession, to be able to buy a car in, say, the £2000 to £6000 class. Yet the streets of London and our big cities are full of such cars, and this after nearly twenty years of penal taxation of large earned incomes. The money to pay, so far as it has been acquired by their purchasers and not merely inherited—and inherited money is also taxed heavily—must, it would seem, have somehow escaped taxation. Our present fiscal system, in other words, is both

unjust and inefficient. It does not, as it is supposed to do, prevent inequalities of wealth. It merely discourages thrift, industry and creative activity and talent. Though the public does not analyse the causes of this state of affairs, it is well aware of it and, as a result, however unjustly, regards the whole of our financial system and those who operate it with suspicion.

This is unfair, for our British financial system is, technically speaking, the most efficiently and honestly administered of any in the world. From my personal acquaintance of members of the profession, I should say without hesitation that there is a higher percentage of honourable, good, skilful and trustworthy, as well as highly public-spirited and cultured, men engaged in banking and merchant banking than in any other occupation in our modern peacetime community.

They make our financial system work with the speed and accuracy of a superb machine, and they make it, through their personal virtues and integrity, worthy of trust and credit. And this goes, though to a lesser degree, for the City as a whole. Yet the system, as I see it, is none the less vitiated by fiscal principles and fiscal expedients that make nonsense both of logic and social sanity. In the course of centuries, particularly, I think, since the invention of mechanical means of manufacturing goods and multiplying services with a smaller expenditure of labour, a traditional system of equating money to real wealth has gradually and imperceptibly lost contact with reality. In view of the enormous social and economic revolution caused by mechanical and scientific invention in the past 200 years this is scarcely surprising, but the fact remains that again and again in the nineteenth century, and in an even more exaggerated form in the present one, prolonged periods have occurred when vast numbers of men willing to work and desperately in need of goods and services which their own labour could have created have remained simultaneously unemployed and in poverty for lack of purchasing power—of money, that is, to set the wheels of industry and production turning. In other words, what was physically possible and humanly desirable was declared to be financially impossible by those who controlled the issue and creation of money. Money, it has been said, is "compressed power"; power, that is, based

not on physical force but on the free interplay of economic supply and demand in a society ruled by law and popular consent. But if for any reason money is lacking when money is needed, a free economy cannot function properly and the very foundations of freedom are endangered, as they were in Europe and America before the war. The inevitable post-inflationary situation consequent on all major wars seems now on the point of ending; on the other side of the Atlantic it has already ended. We shall soon see whether, without revolutionary change, our financial system is capable of preventing once more the social frustration and absurdity of simultaneous mass unemployment and poverty. We shall see also whether a fiscal system—itsself the product of the social *malaise* created by past mass unemployment and poverty—that penalises the production of real wealth in favour of the acquisition of untaxed money divorced from the creation of wealth, is capable of surviving the cold blast of reality that is likely soon to be turned on it.

* "What is Christianity?", by A. Harnack, p. 85.

EUROPE'S LARGEST STEEL BEAMS.



BIGGER AND HEAVIER THAN ANYTHING COMPARABLE IN EUROPE: THE FIRST OF THE NEW STEEL BEAMS BEING ROLLED AT THE DORMAN LONG MILL.



AT DORMAN LONG AND COMPANY'S NEW MILL FOR ROLLING HEAVY STEEL BEAMS AND SECTIONS: SOME OF THE NEWLY-ROLLED GIANT BEAMS.



AT DORMAN LONG'S £18,500,000 MILL AT LACKENBY, NEAR MIDDLESBROUGH: AN ENGINEER CHECKING ONE OF THE GIANT STEEL BEAMS.

THESE photographs were taken at the Dorman Long and Co. mill at Lackenby, North Yorkshire, during the rolling of the first batch of giant steel beams, which are claimed to be bigger and heavier than anything else available in Europe. The beams, rolled from 20-ton ingots of steel, have a web depth of 36 ins. and flanges 16½ ins. wide. They are the largest of a new range which will be known as universal beams. Trial rollings began in January and commercial output is to start in July. The company claims that as well as having wide application in Britain, these universal beams will make the British constructional engineer highly competitive in world markets. When in full production the mill will be able to produce 400,000 tons of universal beams a year. Steel frames for buildings which have been redesigned using universal beams show a saving in weight of between 5 and 10 per cent., and usually a saving of labour costs.

THE CENTENARY OF LONDON'S "BIG BEN."

A HUNDRED years ago, on April 10, 1858, a great bell, whose chimes have since become known and loved throughout the world, was cast at the bell-foundry of Messrs. Mears, in Whitechapel Road. *The Illustrated London News* of April 17, 1858, gave a full description of the operation and published an illustration of the scene which is reproduced here. This was followed on June 5, 1858, by an artist's drawing of the scene (below, centre) as the great bell was taken in state from the foundry to the Clock Tower. An accompanying description reads: "The bell is believed to weigh about fourteen tons, but its exact weight has not yet been ascertained, and blanks have been left in the inscription to be filled as soon as this has been done." The bell, originally called by various names, became known affectionately as "Big Ben"—the nickname of Sir Benjamin Hall, the then Chief Commissioner of Works—and "Big Ben" it has remained ever since.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: THE RECASTING OF THE GREAT BELL ("BIG BEN") FOR THE CLOCK TOWER OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



WATCHED BY AN IMMENSE CROWD: THE STATE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW BELL AT THE CLOCK TOWER, NEW PALACE OF WESTMINSTER, IN APRIL 1858.



A HUNDRED YEARS OLD ON APRIL 10, 1958: THE WORLD-FAMOUS "BIG BEN" CLOCK BELL PHOTOGRAPHED ON ITS CENTENARY DAY



THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION: A MAP OF THE 500-ACRE SITE, WHERE DISPLAYS BY OVER FIFTY NATIONS AND INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATIONS ARE TO BE SEEN.

The Brussels Universal and International Exhibition, the first of its kind to be held since the war, was to be opened by King Baudouin on April 17 and is to remain open for six months. (Next week, we shall be illustrating fully the opening ceremony, and also other aspects of the Exhibition.) The site for this great display of many of the products and traditions of the nations of the

world is on the Heysel Plateau, on the outskirts of the city, and has an area of over 500 acres—larger than Hyde Park. The central exhibit is the Atomium, shown in the centre of the map, which is a symbol of the atomic age. This exciting structure, which is over 300 ft. in height and towers above all the other buildings, consists of nine steel spheres—each 60 ft. in diameter—

joined by steel tubes. The spheres are arranged to represent a metal crystal enlarged millions of times. In the lower spheres there are exhibitions showing the peaceful uses of atomic energy, and a high-speed lift in the Atomium's central column will lead to a restaurant in the topmost sphere. In the foreign section at the Exhibition, the five largest exhibits are those of the United States,

the Soviet Union, the Netherlands, France, and the United Kingdom. While the Atomium epitomises all things scientific and technical, the aim of the Exhibition is "to contribute to the development of a genuine unity of mankind, based upon respect for human personality." Some 30 million visitors are expected in Brussels for the Exhibition.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S message to Congress on April 3 has put the cat among the pigeons. The military machinery in Washington is so complex that the average reader may not realise the full significance or the revolutionary character of his proposals. Even in the United States the sharp reactions have not come from the public, but from the Congress, which knows the ground much better. The President's reasons, as he has set them down, are not new. He says that the conception of three independent services is a thing of the past, unrelated to the problems of warfare to-day, though he does not propose anything as drastic as a single service. He condemns inter-service debate and rivalry.

So far so good, but there is a lot that he does not say which is clearly in his mind. The canalisation, the agencies, the secretariats characteristic of American bureaucracy, military or civil, are designed to facilitate business, but they often result in clogging it by reason of their own over-staffing and overlapping. Then, the rivalry which he condemns has gone beyond all reasonable bounds. We in this country would be inclined to say that inter-service debate was inevitable and not necessarily unhealthy, but he feels bound to condemn it on principle because it has gone so far in practice. Finally, there is the sputnik. He feels, like so many others, that American progress in this and kindred fields was handicapped by divided and would-be monopolistic efforts.

During the war the United States set up the Committee of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, on more or less the British pattern. Their civilian master is the Secretary of Defence, in the same way—as the British Minister of Defence is the civilian master of the British Chiefs of Staff. In the United States the recommendations of the Chiefs of Staff mount to the Secretary of Defence, who must refer them to the Commander-in-Chief—that is, the President of the Republic. They descend from the Secretary of Defence through the Secretaries of the three service departments, coming to the Chiefs of Staff as separate individuals to be put into force in their services. It is asserted that they become distorted in the process.

Another criticism is that final decisions are nearly always compromises. In fact this is a bald statement. All defence solutions tend to be marked by compromise; they would under any system. If, however, they habitually end in compromise dictated, not by policy or finance, but by rivalry between the services, as is alleged to be the case in Washington, the need for reform is certainly urgent. Again, the three services have at their disposal powerful publicity (or propaganda) departments which put their cases both to Congress and public. I have seen a little of one, the Naval, at work—and what work! Yet there is widespread agreement now that it was right in its battle for the survival of the U.S. Navy some six years ago.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PRESIDENT AS MILITARY REFORMER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The main recommendations of the President, if I understand them rightly, are as follows: the Secretary of Defence would have direct control of the forces; the Chiefs of Staff would become his assistants, not his advisers; the immediate links with the services would pass to their deputies; military research and development would be centralised in the Defence Department; the Secretary would be given control of defence funds; service publicity would have its wings clipped. The first comment I would make on these proposals is that, provided the language used means what I take it to mean, the suggestion that the Chiefs of Staff cease to be advisers is a demand for an impossibility. This was the rôle for which the committee was appointed and, whether you call

THE BLASTING OF RIPPLE ROCK



"THE BIGGEST MAN-MADE NON-ATOMIC EXPLOSION": THE DEMOLITION OF RIPPLE ROCK, A TWIN-PEAKED UNDERWATER MOUNTAIN OFF BRITISH COLUMBIA, WHICH WAS A GREAT NAVIGATION HAZARD.

Ripple Rock, a notorious navigation hazard in Seymour Narrows, not far from Vancouver, British Columbia, was on April 5 shattered by what was described as the biggest man-made non-atomic explosion. The twin peaks of this underwater mountain previously extended almost to the surface at low water, but after the explosion it was reported they had been lowered to a level of 47 ft. below the surface at low tide. About 1400 tons of high explosive were detonated in a single blast, and the resulting plume of water rose to about 900 ft. The demolition project took almost three years and cost about £1,200,000. The Canadian Public Works Minister pronounced the explosion an unqualified success. The rock has claimed over 100 mariners' lives since 1875. The explosives were packed in tunnels driven under the water into the inside of the rocks.

its present and future members advisers or assistants, they must advise.

At the same time, any step which tended to isolate them from their own services would in my view be disastrous. Lord Alanbrooke in particular has always laid stress on the principle that the men who make military policy and grand strategy should be the men who have to carry them out. Even when things are "tied up," as soldiers say, as well as possible, the risk of a chasm between power and responsibility is always present. To create a chasm, even a runnel, is unwise in the extreme. Why complicate still further what it is hoped to simplify? We may do unwise things, but I do not think we are likely to make that sort of mistake. One *Oberkommando der Wehrmacht* has been seen, and at the end of the war the Germans reduced it to the rôle of running one front, while *Oberste Heeresleitung* ran the other.

This criticism of the President's message applies also to the rôle of the Secretary of Defence if it is indeed intended that he should be given complete

control over the forces. The most powerful and forceful Minister of Defence of modern times was Sir Winston Churchill. He was also Prime Minister and presided over the War Cabinet. And his was a war appointment. He was extremely active and inventive, and he applied the goad freely to his military advisers. Yet when he found their collective resistance to his wishes and pleadings was not to be broken down he gave way, often growling and unconvinced, but with the high political good sense which did not desert him even when he seemed at his most captious. Beside him was a potential referee, the Cabinet.

President Eisenhower's message affects more than the Pentagon. It affects Congress. The Appropriations Committee would be called on to surrender wide and cherished powers. Congress would have to hand over to the Secretary of Defence not only the cashbox but certain rights regarding the rôles of the services. This is what has caused the sharp reaction of which I have spoken. On the subject of funds and rôles, it

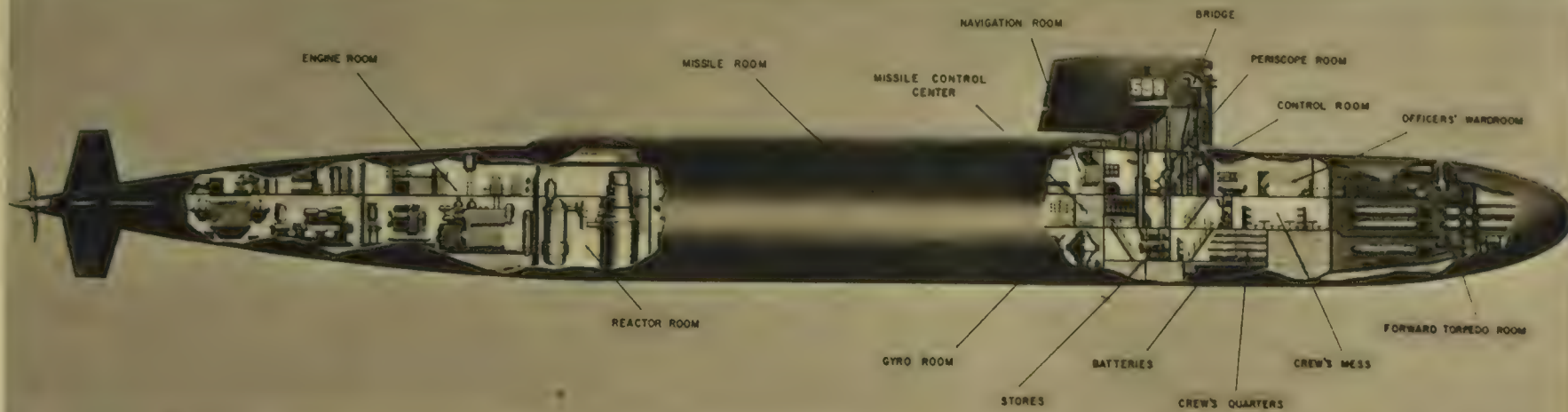
seems to us natural that the responsibility should be that of the Minister of Defence. Let us not forget, however, that he can state his policy and answer his critics on the floor of the House of Commons—in one case it has been the House of Lords, but a hostile vote in the Commons would have killed the policy—whereas Congress can only bring the Secretary of Defence in front of a committee. It looks as though Congress would not accept all the President's proposals easily.

The Pentagon was built to give unity to the thought of the services. It has done a good deal to help them to understand each other better, but it has not brought unity of thought, nor has it prevented rivalry and propaganda. The President is certainly right in his view that the time has come for a change. As regards the methods of reform needed, an outsider ought to speak with humility. After all, as the President remarked, this is a subject on which he knows more than

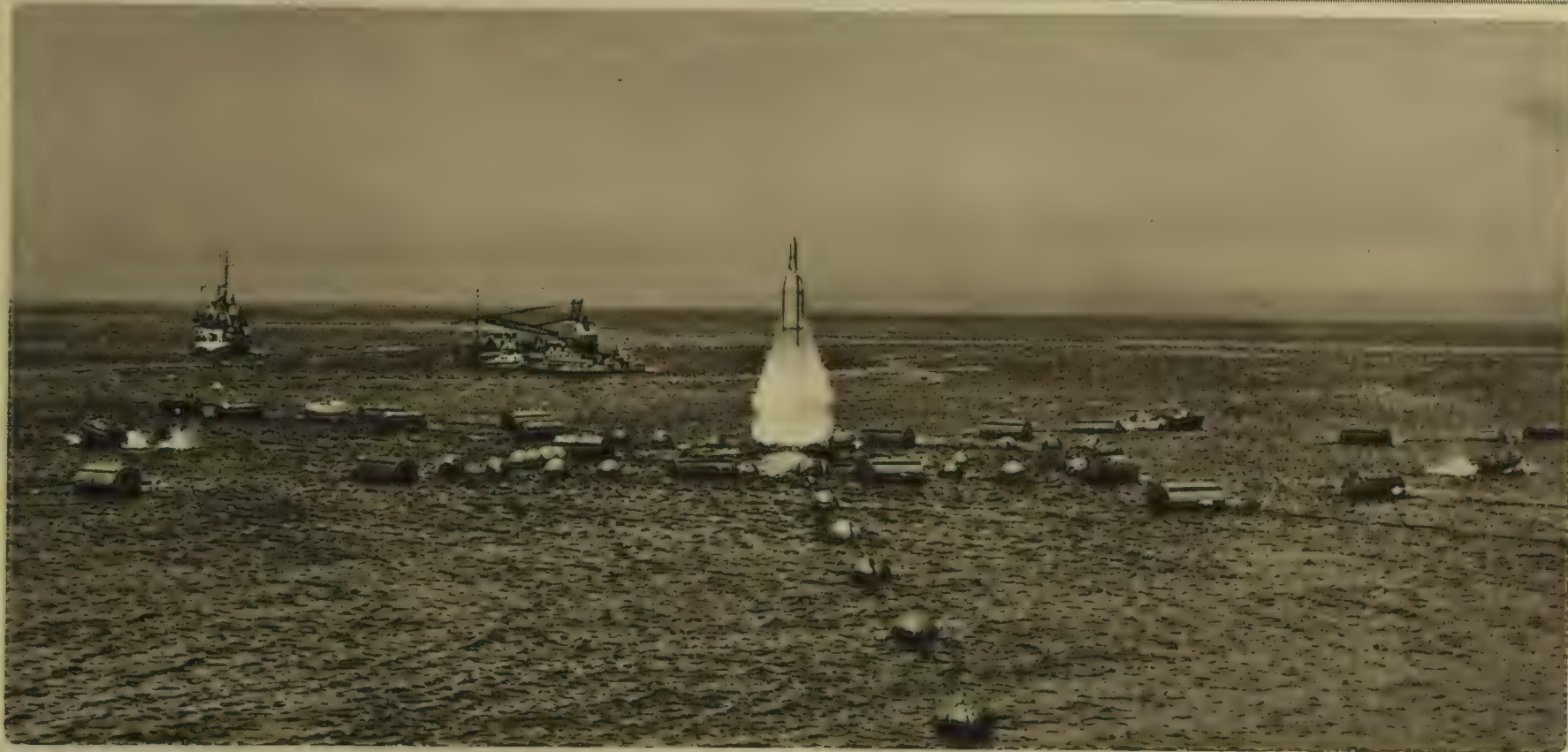
anyone else "on the active list," even in the United States. Looking from afar and in relative ignorance, I should be inclined to say that control of the allocation of funds appears the most natural of the functions of a Secretary of Defence, and control of the rôles of the services—approved by the President and if necessary the National Security Council—the second.

Beyond that it is difficult to see why the Secretary should be given any special powers except such as are absolutely necessary to abolish delays, needless complications, and jockeying for position between the three services. And, as I have argued at some length, anything like kicking the Chiefs of Staff upstairs and off the floor on which stand their respective services would seem, on the face of it, certainly to British eyes, a grave mistake. Nor in this case is it apparent why objections to it should be less strong in America than Britain. Perhaps we shall find that we have to some extent misread the intentions. At all events it will be interesting to watch the developments.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



ONE OF THE SUBMARINES WHICH WILL FIRE *POLARIS*, THE NEW AMERICAN MISSILE: A DRAWING FROM THE GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION.



OFF SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND, NEAR LOS ANGELES: THE MISSILE POPS UP FROM THE WATER IN A *POLARIS* TEST LAUNCHING.



SHOWN AT AN AMERICAN NAVY LEAGUE SYMPOSIUM ON SEA POWER: A MODEL OF *POLARIS*, WHICH IS ABOUT 30 FT. LONG.



AT GROTON, CONNECTICUT: THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE FIRST GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION *POLARIS* SUBMARINE.



AT THE *POLARIS* TEST LAUNCHING LAST MONTH: THE MISSILE RISES FROM THE WATER, DRAWING UP A COLUMN OF SPRAY.

U.S.A. TESTING *POLARIS*, AMERICA'S IMPORTANT NEW MISSILE, AND BUILDING A *POLARIS* SUBMARINE.

The United States Navy announced on April 11 in Washington that it had test-fired a dummy *Polaris* ballistic missile from under water for the first time. The *Polaris* is designed to be fired from a submerged submarine if required, and has a range of some 1500 miles; a drawing of this important new missile appears on pages 636 and 637. The test missile, the same size, shape and weight as the *Polaris*, was fired on March 23 from a submerged

launcher. Rear-Admiral W. F. Raborn, head of the U.S. Navy's *Polaris* programme, told a Navy League symposium on sea power that the *Polaris* would be ready for use in 1960. It was announced by the Electric Boat Division of the General Dynamics Corporation, also on April 11, that construction had begun on the first of two submarines equipped to fire *Polaris*. Another *Polaris* submarine is under construction in California.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



ISRAEL. A RECENTLY DISCOVERED MOSAIC, IN WHICH IT IS SUGGESTED THAT THE ARRANGEMENT OF CROSS, FISHES AND POMEGRANATES SYMBOLISES THE COASTLINE OF THE COUNTRY. TRACES OF MOSAIC ALSO SURVIVE ON THE FALLEN WALL FRAGMENTS.



ROME, ITALY. THE RUSTIC GOD SILVANUS: A MARBLE STATUE, ABOUT 3 1/2 FT. HIGH, RECENTLY DISCOVERED.



ROME, ITALY. DETAIL OF THE BEARDED SILVANUS SHOWING THE CROWN OF PINE AND THE BRANCH OF CYPRESS AND FRUITS IN THE LEFT HAND.

During March, a statue of about the second century A.D. was found beside the Appian Way near a site known from an inscription found in the eighteenth century to be associated with the cult of Silvanus, a simple rustic god, of a rather Virgilian or Horatian style. The statue shows a bearded man with a dog, naked except for a cloak of skins, crowned with pine and carrying a club in one hand and a branch and fruit in the other.



COLOGNE, W. GERMANY. PRINCESS SORAYA, FORMER WIFE OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA, LEAVING COLOGNE BY TRAIN EN ROUTE FOR GENOA AND THE UNITED STATES, WITH HER BROTHER BIJAN. SHE WAS TO SAIL ON APRIL 14.



MICHIGAN, U.S.A. A CRASH TO ORDER: (ABOVE) A FORD, FITTED WITH SAFETY EQUIPMENT, COLLIDES WITH ANOTHER CAR; AND (BELOW) THE DUMMY DRIVER AND PASSENGER AFTER THE CRASH, WITH ONLY SLIGHT INJURIES RECORDED.



MONACO. PRINCESS GRACE AND PRINCE RAINIER OF MONACO LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL ON APRIL 9 AFTER ATTENDING A STATE THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE BIRTH OF THEIR SON. IT WAS THE PRINCESS' FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AFTER THE BIRTH OF THE CHILD.



WIESBADEN, W. GERMANY. IN THE RESUMED "ANASTASIA CASE": EVIDENCE BEING TAKEN IN HIS HOME FROM A FORMER ADJUTANT OF THE CZAR (SEATED UNDER THE LAMP, CENTRE). In a continued law case centring on the claim of Frau Anna Anderson to be Anastasia, daughter of the Tsar Nicholas II and to have escaped murder at Ekaterinburg, evidence was taken from a Captain Dassel, a former Adjutant of the last Czar and also from a Swiss tutor of the family.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. SHAVING WITH AN AXE: THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. MENZIES, HAVING THE SHARPNESS OF AN AXE DEMONSTRATED UPON HIM AT A WOODCHOPPING DISPLAY AT SYDNEY ROYAL EASTER SHOW.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE VATICAN, ITALY. ON EASTER SUNDAY: THE SCENE IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE WHERE A CROWD, ESTIMATED AT 250,000, HEARD THE POPE'S EASTER MESSAGE.

On Easter Sunday, April 6, a crowd estimated as numbering 250,000 gathered in St. Peter's Square, in the Vatican, to hear the Pope's traditional Easter Message. The Pope, standing on a central balcony of St. Peter's, called on the nations of the world "to promote with all

their forces the solid restoration of a just peace." Young and old knelt on the cobbles to receive the Pope's blessing *Urbi et Orbi*. Thousands of white doves were released and spiralled skywards in the brilliant sunshine above the heads of the crowd.



HUNGARY. ON GOOD FRIDAY: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD AT THE LIBERATION DAY PARADE IN HEROES SQUARE, BUDAPEST, AT WHICH MR. KHRUSHCHEV SPOKE.

Mr. Khrushchev and the Soviet delegation attended a military parade in Heroes Square, Budapest, on April 4 during their recent visit to Hungary. The parade was to mark the thirteenth anniversary of the ousting of the Germans from Hungary by the Red Army. Many thousands of those present were reported to have been directed to attend, and gave

Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Kadar a lukewarm welcome. The saluting base for the parade (visible in the photograph) was the pedestal of the well-known statue of Stalin, now conspicuous by its absence. In his address, Mr. Khrushchev spoke of the help Russia had given to Hungary after the "subversive attack by the Western imperialists" in 1956.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



U.S.A. THE FIRST FATAL ACCIDENT INVOLVING A *VISCOUNT* AIRCRAFT ON NORTH AMERICAN ROUTES: WRECKAGE, FAR FROM THE RUNWAY, AT MIDLAND, MICHIGAN. Forty-four passengers and the crew of three were killed when a British-built *Viscount* of Capital Airlines crashed when about to land at Tri-City Airport, Midland, on the night of April 6-7. It was the first fatal accident with a *Viscount* in North America.



HOLLAND. SURVIVAL AND DEATH: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE MOMENT TWO GIRLS ESCAPED FROM A SINKING CAR IN WHICH THEIR PARENTS DROWNED. Two young sisters escaped while their parents were drowned when the car in which the family were travelling plunged into the river at the Rotterdam Parkkade, Holland, recently. Above, the two girls are seen leaving the car just before it submerged.



THE INDIAN OCEAN. THE NORWEGIAN LINER *SKAUBRYN*, WHICH WAS CARRYING EMIGRANTS AND WHICH LATER SANK, BURNING FURIOUSLY.

Over 1000 passengers and crew were rescued from the Norwegian liner *Skaubryn* after she caught fire in the Indian Ocean recently. The *Skaubryn* later sank. The ship was bound for Australia and most of the passengers were emigrants from West Germany. The only casualty in the rescue was one death from a heart attack.



THE INDIAN OCEAN. A CLOSER VIEW OF THE BURNING LINER *SKAUBRYN*. OVER 1000 PASSENGERS, MANY OF THEM EMIGRATING FROM WEST GERMANY TO AUSTRALIA, AND THE CREW WERE RESCUED. THE *SKAUBRYN* LATER SANK AFTER BEING TOWED TOWARDS ADEN.



U.S.A. BEFORE HE WAS STABBED TO DEATH: JOHNNY STOMPANATO WITH LANA TURNER AND CHERYL CRANE (RIGHT), SEEN AT LOS ANGELES IN MARCH.

(Right.) U.S.A., CALIFORNIA. HELD ON A "SUSPICION OF MURDER" CHARGE: CHERYL CRANE, WITH HER FATHER, LEAVING BEVERLY HILLS POLICE STATION ON APRIL 5.

Cheryl Crane, the fourteen-year-old daughter of film actress Lana Turner, appeared at Beverly Hills Police Station on April 5 and at a court in Hollywood two days later, when she was ordered to be held to await further court action on a suspicion of murder charge. The girl was accused of stabbing to death her mother's friend, Johnny Stompanato, described as a former associate of gangsters, at her mother's home at Beverly Hills on April 5. Lana Turner told the police that Stompanato had threatened to ruin her career by cutting her face with a razor. Miss Turner has been married four times, and Cheryl is her child by her second husband. Cheryl would not be liable to the death penalty under Californian law because she is a minor. She was stated by the police to have confessed to the stabbing.



THE CITY THAT JOSHUA SACKED AND SOLOMON REBUILT: THE FIRST OF TWO ARTICLES ON THE THIRD SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS AT HAZOR IN GALILEE.

By YIGAEI YADIN, Ph.D., Lecturer in Archaeology at the Hebrew University and Director of the James A. de Rothschild Expedition at Hazor.

The James A. de Rothschild Expedition at Hazor operates on behalf of the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, with funds contributed by the P.J.C.A., The Anglo-Israel Exploration Society (headed by Lord Cohen, Sir Maurice Bloch and Dr. A. Lerner), and the Government of Israel. The director was ably assisted by Mr. M. Dunayevsky (chief architect to the expedition), as well as by the members of the staff who are mentioned in the course of this article. Photographs by A. Volk, chief photographer to the expedition.

Previous articles by Dr. Yadin on Hazor appeared in our issues of April 14, December 1 and December 8, 1956; and an exhibition of three seasons' work at Hazor opens on May 3 in the Assyrian Basement at the British Museum and will continue there for two months. Many objects are being shown and the two shrines discovered (the one found in 1956 and the one described below) will be set up in their conjectured original positions.

THE City of Hazor (Fig. 1)—which the previous two seasons' digs had already proved to be the largest city in the Holy Land, in accordance with the Biblical description as "the head of all those kingdoms" (Joshua XI, 10)—was during the third season (August–October 1957) the scene of a most exciting experience to all those who participated in the excavations.

Holding the Bible in one hand and a spade in the other, seemed to be a most successful method for discovering the relics of that Biblical city, and determining their dates. Thus, for example, the fact that Solomon rebuilt both Hazor and Megiddo (I Kings IV, 15) was not only strikingly confirmed in this year's dig, but also enabled us to outline in advance, on the surface, the plan of Solomon's city gate by simply copying that of the gate discovered in Megiddo some years back by an expedition of the Chicago Oriental Institute. When finally the gate at Hazor was revealed and actually turned out as expected, our labourers thought we were wizards indeed.

But with these remarks we are already anticipating the description of the whole dig, so very rich with interesting finds. Let us therefore proceed step by step from one area to another.

Five main areas were excavated in the third season: Areas A, B (also excavated during the previous seasons) and G, on the Tell proper, where the Israelite cities were discovered, and F (also excavated during the second season), and H, in the big lower Canaanite city lying within the rectangular enclosure (150 acres) to the north of the Mound. A small trench, area 210, dug in the centre of the lower Canaanite city, confirmed our conclusion that the whole enclosure was inhabited from c. 1700 to the end of the thirteenth century.

AREA F (excavated under the supervision of J. Perrot). It may be recalled that in this area—for the first time excavated during the previous season—a large Canaanite altar was discovered (I.L.N., December 8, 1956) in the midst of an open courtyard surrounded by buildings in which were found ritual objects (including a basalt statue, alabaster incense burners, an offering table, etc.) which formed most probably part of a large Canaanite temple of Late Bronze Age II. Below this stratum we had already discovered last season ruins of a large structure with thick walls, which had a net of underground channels built and covered with stone slabs. This building (Stratum III) belongs to the end of the Middle Bronze Age II (c. 1600 B.C.) period. At the end of last year's dig we found, a few yards below this building, a tunnel hewn in the rock, which led to a chamber of which the ceiling completely collapsed.

The unique altar, the net of channels and the large structure, as well as the hewn tunnel, have

induced us to renew excavations here again this year.

While searching for the remains of the large structure mentioned above we came across a cave hewn in the rock outside the north-east corner of the building, accessible through a small vertical shaft, the opening of which was blocked by two stone slabs some 4 ft. 11 ins. (1.5 m.) long (Fig. 3). This cave, used as a burial-place during Late Bronze II, was littered with an abundance of pottery (some 500 vessels) (Fig. 4), which complemented the repertoire of pottery of that period found elsewhere in Hazor. Amongst these, the following are worth special mention: a large group of beautiful Mycenaean pots (Fig. 8) (type IIIB of the end of Late Bronze period), more than ten "Bilbils" from Cyprus, two ribbed pots (of the Cypriote Bucchero-ware type) (Fig. 9), of which only very few specimens have up to date been found outside Cyprus, and a number of local pots (mainly bowls, lamps and jars). It should be said that the bones of skeletons found in the cave were not *in situ*, but were piled up and thrown towards the back of the cave. This fact, as well as the large amount of pottery, testifies that the grave must have been in use for a long period and seems to have been cleared from time to time as the need arose.

Our main efforts in Area F were devoted to the rock-hewn tunnel (Stratum IV) of the Middle Bronze II period.

This season's excavations made it clear that the tunnel and its chamber were actually part of a

which the largest was 56 ft. (17 m.) long and 10 ft. (3 m.) wide and high (Figs. 5 and 6). These caves, accessible through the deep shaft, were certainly meant for burial, but it is doubtful if their hewers managed to use them for that purpose or any other. They were found completely empty (except for a few pots and jugs most probably abandoned there by the labourers), and the most southern cave in that group was abandoned still unfinished. However, this set of tunnels, shafts and caves has no parallel so far in this country, and it testifies to the high technical skill and engineering ability of the Middle Bronze period at Hazor. Since in Area D, too, excavated during the first season, we found the earliest remains of the Middle Bronze II in burial caves hewn in the rock, on top of which were clear ruins of settlement of the same period (though a bit later)—one can assume that before the city was built in the large enclosure, this area, especially its eastern rocky side, served as a necropolis for the inhabitants of the acropolis on the Tell. Later, when this area began to be inhabited, the burial-places—as yet undiscovered—must have been shifted further away, outside the Tell and the enclosure.

AREA H (excavated under the supervision of Miss C. Epstein). Our prize-find in the Lower Canaanite city was no doubt the temple discovered by chance at the most northern tip of the enclosure. This temple is unique in the country and most interesting for the following reasons:

its plan, its building system and the finds within. The plan is rather simple, consisting of three chambers built in succession from south to north (Fig. 2): a porch, a main hall and a holy of holies. The building's length is 82 ft. (25 m.) and its width 56 ft. (17 m.). A large opening leads from the porch—which is somewhat narrower than the rest of the building—to the main hall, and a similar opening, on the same axis in the centre of the building, leads from there to the holy of holies. In the porch, on either side of the opening leading to the main hall, we found two round pillar bases made of basalt. The technique of building of this temple is unique in the country. The walls of the porch and holy of holies are lined at the lower part with beautifully-dressed basalt slabs (orthostats) up to 5½ ft. (1.70 m.) long and an average of 2 ft. (60 cms.) high, with a varying width of 7–10 ins. (20–40 cms.). The narrow top edge of each orthostat had well-drilled round holes of 1½ ins. (4 cms.) diameter (mostly two holes at both ends of the slab). The row of orthostats, moreover, was lying on a ledge of rubble stones, forming the lowest part of the building's wall, up to 6½ ft. (2 m.) wide. With this building system (which is typical of Hittite Anatolia and

Northern Syria) the round drilled holes served as a base for horizontal wooden beams meant to strengthen the brick or mud wall built above the stone foundation.

This year we succeeded in clearing—in addition to the outline of the porch and the hall—the holy of holies only, which had a wealth of ritual vessels, especially near the square niche at the narrow northern wall of the building. Since the building was destroyed by fire—as is testified by the charred beams found on the floor—it must have collapsed quickly and thus buried most of the implements. Amongst these—the completest set of ritual implements and furniture as yet found in this country—the following are noteworthy:

(1) An incense altar (Fig. 14) made of basalt, about 1 ft. 7 ins. (50 cms.) square and 4 ft. 7 ins. (1.40 m.) high. On one side and on top there is a relief of a disc in a square frame with a four-rayed star in the centre, i.e., the emblem of the sun-god in the Canaanite pantheon. Below this are

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 1. A MAP OF NORTHERN ISRAEL, TO SHOW THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF HAZOR, BETWEEN THE SEA OF GALILEE AND LAKE HULEH.



FIG. 2. AN ACCIDENTAL FIND WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE SEASON: THE HOLY OF HOLIES OF THE ORTHOSTAT TEMPLE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE STILL UNEXCAVATED MAIN HALL AND PORCH.

ramified net of underground tunnels (Figs. 6 and 7). These tunnels must have been already known to the inhabitants of the "large structure," who used them as reservoirs and outlets for the built canals, and also by the residents of the Late Bronze period who looted whatever was still available. In many places we found the ramification entrances blocked off by rubble stone walls and we could not always determine the exact date of those blocks. Except for the chamber discovered already last season, we did not succeed this year, for technical reasons, in coming to the end of the tunnels. But it can be assumed that they, too, during their early stage, led to chambers which must have served as burial-places for the aristocracy. This assumption was unexpectedly confirmed when, at the end of the season, we cleared the debris covering the large vertical shaft (approx. 26 ft. by 26 ft. (8 by 8 m.), hewn near the first tunnel. At its bottom, on the west, we discovered three enormous caves, rock-hewn, of

THE ROCK-CUT CATACOMBS OF CANAANITE HAZOR: FEATS OF ENGINEERING OF THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE.

Continued. chiselled two elongated depressions giving the front of the altar an impression of a column's relief. At the back the surface is similarly dressed except that the dented square frame has no relief. The other two sides of the altar each have a long upright depression. (2) Near the altar we found a large basalt basin (Fig. 14), some 2 ft. 7 ins. (80 cms.) in diameter. (3) South of the altar and the basin, in the centre of the holy of holies, we found *in situ* and at some distance from each other, two large earthenware pots, and near them a large number of dipping juglets. These pots served no doubt as oil, wine or other liquid containers that were connected with the temple's rituals (Figs. 15 and 17). (4) Between the containers and the altar we found two basalt slabs, both of which had a rectangular

[Continued below.]

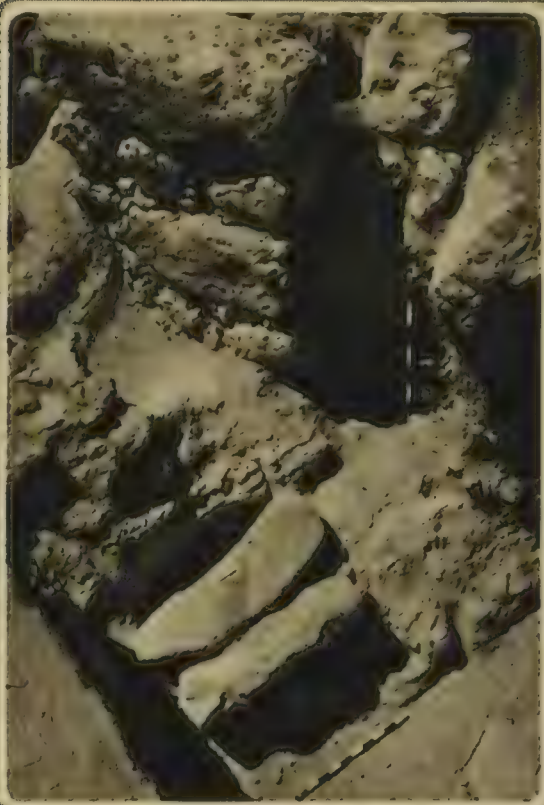


FIG. 3. COVERED WITH TWO STONE SLABS: THE ENTRANCE TO THE BURIAL CAVE IN AREA F AT HAZOR. THIS BELONGS TO THE LATE BRONZE II AGE AND LIES BELOW THE GREAT CANAANITE ALTAR.



FIG. 4. THE GREAT ROCK-HEWN BURIAL CAVE TO WHICH THE ENTRANCE SHOWN IN FIG. 3 LEADS. THE FLOOR WAS LITTERED WITH ABOUT 500 VESSELS, PRINCIPALLY MYCENÆAN IN CHARACTER AND INCLUDING THOSE SHOWN IN FIGS. 8 AND 9.



FIG. 5. ONE OF THREE LARGE CATACOMB TUNNELS, CUT FROM THE ROCK FOR USE AS BURIAL CHAMBERS, BUT ALMOST CERTAINLY NEVER USED AS SUCH.



FIG. 6. ANOTHER OF THE UNUSED CATACOMB TUNNELS, AFTER IT HAD BEEN CLEARED. THE LARGEST OF THE THREE WAS ABOUT 56 FT. LONG AND SOME 10 FT. WIDE.



FIG. 7. ONE OF THE RAMIFYING TUNNELS CUT IN THE ROCK IN AREA F. THESE PROBABLY LEAD TO BURIAL CHAMBERS WHICH HAVE NOT YET BEEN EXPLORED.



FIG. 8. A SELECTION OF PLEASANT MYCENÆAN POTTERY OF THE END OF THE LATE BRONZE PERIOD, FOUND IN THE UNDERGROUND BURIAL CHAMBER SHOWN IN FIG. 4.



FIG. 9. A TYPE RARE OUTSIDE CYPRUS: TWO CYPRIOTE "BUCCHERO WARE" JUGLETS, FOUND IN THE SAME BURIAL CHAMBER (FIG. 4).

Continued. depression at the corner. These slabs must have also served as offering tables for the liquids mentioned above. (5) Near the southern container a carinated basalt bowl was found—1 ft. 7½ ins. (50 cms.) in diameter and 1 ft. 3 ins. (40 cms.) high—its upper part decorated with a relief of a fine running spiral design (Fig. 15). (6) In the south-east corner we found an offering table with several rectangular depressions and one small round indentation at each of the four corners (Fig. 17). (7) Left of the entrance to the holy of holies, inside it, there was a small basalt statue of a man sitting on a chair and holding a goblet in his right hand. The head, broken off, was found close by (Figs. 12 and 13). The shape of the chair and its workmanship are identical with the similar statue found (headless) in Area F during the second season. (8) Four

bronze figurines: the first that of a male deity with outstretched arms and a conical helmet (Fig. 10). This figurine must have been stuck in a wooden or other base, as is visible from its pointed bottom. The second is that of a bull (Fig. 16), made of wrought bronze; here again the four legs must have been stuck in a base of some sort. Thirdly, two figurines of female deities, the face features of which were barely indicated by shallow incisions into the thin metal foil from which they were made (Fig. 10). (9) A sizeable group of cylinder seals scattered on the western part of the floor of the holy of holies. One of the seals (Fig. 11), made of hæmatite, bears a complicated engraving superbly executed, in its centre a deity sitting on a chair under a winged sun-god disc, and in front a king offering presents with a line

[Continued opposite.]

A COMPLETE HOLY OF HOLIES OF THE HAZOR OF 3200 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 10. TWO OF THE BRONZE FIGURINES FOUND IN THE HOLY OF HOLIES: (LEFT) A SCHEMATIC FEMALE DEITY, ONE OF TWO; AND (RIGHT) A MALE DEITY WEARING A CONICAL HELMET.



FIG. 11. AN IMPRESSION OF A HÆMATITE CYLINDER SEAL, FOUND IN THE TEMPLE. OF THE SYRO-MITANNIAN TYPE IT SHOWS A SEATED DEITY AND A KING.



FIG. 12. THE SEATED DEITY OF THE TEMPLE, AS IT WAS FOUND IN THE HOLY OF HOLIES, DECAPITATED AND WITH THE HEAD LYING BESIDE IT.



FIG. 13. THE DEITY OF THE TEMPLE (FIG. 12) WITH THE HEAD REPLACED. IT IS OF BASALT AND THE CHAIR AND STYLE RESEMBLE A HEADLESS STATUE FOUND IN AREA F IN 1956.



FIG. 14. AN INCENSE ALTAR CARVED FROM BASALT AND BEARING THE SYMBOL OF THE CANAANITE SUN-GOD, WITH (RIGHT) A LARGE CIRCULAR BASALT BASIN.



FIG. 15. PART OF THE RICH FIND OF RITUAL VESSELS: A FINE BASALT VESSEL (1 FT. 7½ INS. DIAMETER) WITH A RUNNING SPIRAL DESIGN; AND ANOTHER RITUAL VESSEL.



FIG. 16. ONE OF THE BRONZE FIGURINES FOUND IN THE HOLY OF HOLIES: A BULL OF WROUGHT BRONZE, WHICH APPARENTLY WAS ORIGINALLY FIXED IN A WOODEN BASE.



FIG. 17. ALSO PART OF THE TEMPLE FURNITURE: A LARGE POTTERY VESSEL FOR HOLDING LIQUIDS AND A BASALT OFFERING TABLE WITH HOLLOWES FOR LIQUID OFFERINGS.

Continued. of present-bearers behind him. This cylinder seal is one of the finest examples known of the Syro-Mitannian type. (10) A large amount of pottery, including ritual vessels, most of which were scattered on the floor while some were found on the stone bench which ran along some of the holy of holies' walls. (11) A large scarab seal, naming Amenophis III, identical in measurements and workmanship with the scarabs found in Temple III at Lachish (thirteenth century) and with a scarab of the same period found in a temple at Beisan. The finds of this temple belong mostly, as is indicated by the pottery, to the last Canaanite settlement at the end of the Late Bronze period, although it is possible that it was founded in the fourteenth century, according to the date of the scarab. Since we have not yet concluded the excavation of the main hall and the porch, it is difficult to say whether the temple shows signs of several building phases, a conclusion we hope to reach next year. This temple sheds

important light on a number of problems and it is interesting to note that in the character of its ritual vessels and particularly the use of the orthostats, it is almost identical with a temple (less well preserved) discovered by Sir Leonard Woolley in Tell Atchana (Alalakh) which belongs to practically the same period, i.e., the thirteenth century. We have here clear proof of a direct or indirect affinity between the Canaanite culture of Hazor and that of Northern Syria and Anatolia. Even the temple's plan is interesting, since we have here a sort of prototype of Solomon's temple, but several hundred years earlier. Until now, the only example known of a temple resembling the Solomonic one was the temple of Tell-Tayanath in Syria (ninth century). The two pillars in the porch complete the resemblance. Next season it is intended to excavate the porch and the hall, which will assuredly add to our knowledge of this most unique temple. (The remainder of the season's work will be described by Dr. Yadin in a subsequent article.)



A SUBMARINE CAN FIRE ITS MISSILES WHEN COMPLETELY SUBMERGED, THUS PROVING ITSELF AN ELUSIVE TARGET.

PHASE 3
AT A PRE-DETERMINED HEIGHT THE MISSILE SETS ITS OWN COURSE TO ITS TARGET.

PHASE 2
MISSILE LEAVING THE SEA.

PHASE 1
SUBMERGED SUBMARINE DISCHARGING A 'POLARIS' MISSILE.

A NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMERGED SUBMARINE DISCHARGING ITS 'POLARIS' MISSILE.
IT IS BELIEVED EARLY TYPE SUBMARINES WILL CARRY 16 POLARIS WEAPONS. LATER AND LARGER BOATS MAY MOUNT UP TO 32 MISSILES.

A VERY GREAT HEIGHT IS REACHED DURING ITS CURVED FLIGHT TO ITS TARGET.

PHASE 4
WHILE THE INITIAL PROPELLANT IS BURNED OUT IT IS AUTOMATICALLY JETTISONED.

PHASE 5
THE MISSILE CONTINUES ON CONTROLLED COURSE TO ITS TARGET.

RANGE AREAS OF POLARIS WEAPONS FIRED FROM SUBMERGED SUBMARINES CRUISING IN THE PACIFIC.



POLARIS RISING FROM THE SEA.

THE MISSILE HAS INERTIAL CONTROL. THE CO-ORDINATE OF THE TARGET AND THAT OF THE LAUNCHING POSITION IS SET. THE MISSILE THEN COMPUTES COURSE AND OTHER FLIGHT INFORMATION NECESSARY TO TAKE IT TO ITS DESTINATION AND THE MOMENT TO DETONATE ITS EXPLOSIVE CHARGE.

NUCLEAR WAR-HEAD. EXPLOSIVE POTENTIAL 3 MEGATONS. WEIGHT: APPROXIMATELY 1000 LB.

THE SOLID FUEL CHARGE IS EASIER TO HANDLE THAN LIQUID FUEL AND IS ALWAYS READY FOR INSTANT ACTION.

THE ONLY TRACE OF THE LAUNCH IS THE HARDLY DISAPPEARING PATCH OF FOAM ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA.

NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMARINE SUBMERGED AT ABOUT 500 FT. AND FIRING A 'POLARIS' MISSILE.

SECOND PHASE
MISSILE HAVING BROKEN SURFACE THEN RISES AT GREAT SPEED IN THE AIR.

FIRST PHASE
MISSILE RISING TO THE SURFACE.

U.S. BALLISTIC MISSILES THOR AND POLARIS COMPARED IN DRAWINGS TO THE SAME SCALE.

THOR. A LAND BASED BALLISTIC WEAPON WITH LIQUID-FUEL PROPELLANT. LENGTH APPROXIMATELY 100 FT.

THE RANGES OF BOTH WEAPONS ARE APPROXIMATELY THE SAME.

POLARIS LENGTH APPROXIMATELY 30 FT.

MEAN TO THE SAME SCALE.

POLARIS—THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW MISSILE WHICH CAN BE FIRED FROM A SUBMERGED

Polaris, the ballistic missile system which is being developed for the United States Navy, is a new and revolutionary weapon. From a deeply submerged modern submarine, the missile can be shot to the surface and into the air. Travelling at very high speed, the missile hurtles through space to land on its target, which may be as far as 1500 miles from the submarine. Its course is set before it is fired, and it then does its own computing and steering, finally firing its nuclear war-head when it reaches its target. *Polaris* thus has no

tell-tale guidance beam. The intricate guidance and fire control systems are being developed by the U.S. Navy, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the General Electric Company of America. The important details of *Polaris* are still closely-guarded secrets, but sufficient information has been released to allow our artist to make this striking illustration. In the case of an attack by a hostile power, nuclear submarines of the United States Navy will in the near future be able to launch a massive retaliatory blow on to targets

SUBMARINE AND CARRY A NUCLEAR WAR-HEAD TO VAST AREAS OF THE WORLD.

in vast areas of enemy territory. The fast-moving, *Polaris*-armed submarines will be able to cruise secretly below the waves to any area of the vast expanse of sea that cover nearly three-quarters of the earth's surface. This mobile launching site for an atomic attack will be almost impossible to find; it will be able to come into the attack hidden from the enemy, and after firing could move rapidly away to avoid detection. *Polaris* is not vulnerable in the way that static missile launching sites on the land are, and its operational cost in

service is likely to be considerably less than that of the land bases. Against the cost of building and operating *Polaris*-equipped submarines can be set the very high cost of building and maintaining the land batteries. A further advantage of *Polaris* to the United States is that it avoids the national and local objections which are often raised when missile launching sites on land are projected. The *Polaris* missile uses a solid fuel propellant and is about 30ft. in length.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.



CHOSEN TO OPEN THE 1958 VIENNA MUSIC FESTIVAL: THE WORLD-CELEBRATED HUDDERSFIELD CHOIR, THE FIRST BRITISH CHOIR EVER INVITED TO TAKE PART IN THE FESTIVAL.

The Huddersfield Choral Society, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent (who has been its conductor for twenty-five years) has been chosen to open the 1958 Vienna Music Festival on June 1, with a performance of Handel's "Messiah." This is the first time that a British choir has been invited to take part in the Festival, which will be the biggest choir festival ever held in Europe. At a

second concert on June 3, the 150-strong choir will perform Fauré's Requiem, and Sir William Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. The soloists will be Miss Elsie Morison (soprano), Miss Norma Proctor (contralto), Mr. William McAlpine (tenor) and Mr. James Milligan (bass). The visit to Vienna has been made possible by support from the British

Council and the generosity of the Musikfreunde, Vienna. Members of the all-amateur choir are making the trip voluntarily, free hospitality is being arranged for them during the Festival, much of it will be in private homes. Other choirs attending the Festival are from Russia, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Italy and Spain. The Huddersfield Choir was founded 121 years ago by sixteen

Huddersfield men. Its annual performances of Handel's "Messiah" have continued without a break since 1842. This photograph, which was specially taken during a recent performance of "Belshazzar's Feast" in Huddersfield Town Hall, shows the Choir with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

Photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Houston Rogers.



AT GROVE PARK, IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON: MERCERS' SCHOOL TWENTY-ACRE SPORTS GROUND. THE FLAG WAS PRESENTED BY THE OLD MERCERS' CLUB IN 1954.



OUTSIDE THE ANCIENT HALL OF BARNARD'S INN: THE HEADMASTER (CENTRE), WITH MR. ANDREW (LEFT) AND MR. SCOTT.

TO BE CLOSED AFTER MORE THAN 400 YEARS: MERCERS' SCHOOL IN THE CITY OF LONDON.



SEATED AT HIS DESK: MR. W. D. HADEN, WHO HAS BEEN HEADMASTER OF MERCERS' SCHOOL SINCE SEPTEMBER 1946. HE FOUGHT IN BURMA DURING WORLD WAR II.



CAPS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY: THE PRESENT-DAY HEADGEAR WORN BY A MERCERS' BOY (LEFT) AND THE CAP WHICH WAS WORN UNTIL 1918 SHOWN (RIGHT).



ON THE STEPS TO THE DINING HALL: MR. H. G. ANDREW, SENIOR SCIENCE MASTER (LEFT), AND MR. W. L. SCOTT, SENIOR CLASSICS MASTER.



VIEWED THROUGH AN ARCH: PART OF THE EXTERIOR OF MERCERS' SCHOOL, WHICH STANDS BETWEEN HOLBORN CIRCUS AND CHANCERY LANE IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

IT was recently announced that Mercers' School, the oldest school in the City of London, was to close at the end of the summer term next year. The Mercers' Company, which has governed the school since 1542, said: "It is little short of a tragedy that the life of an institution which has survived the vicissitudes of four centuries should be brought to an end, but unfortunately there is no practicable alternative." The Ministry of Education rejected an application for it to become a direct grant grammar school. In a letter to parents, Mr. N. C. Watney, Master of the Mercers' Company, said: "The terms of the Ministry of Education's reply make it quite clear that the present school buildings do not measure up to the minimum educational standards, and as each year goes by they must fall further behind those

(Continued opposite.)



ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF HOLBORN, WHERE THE SCHOOL HAS BEEN SITUATED SINCE 1894: THE LODGE, ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S OLD BUILDINGS.



MARKED BY THE EMBLEM OF "THE LADY": THE UNOBTRUSIVE ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL WHICH IS GOVERNED BY THE MERCERS' COMPANY.



STUDYING IN THE RESTORED HALL OF BARNARD'S INN, WHICH WAS BUILT IN ABOUT 1450 AND IS NOW PART OF THE SCHOOL: MERCERS' BOYS AT WORK.



A CLASS IN PROGRESS IN THE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY. THE 280 PUPILS AT THE 400-YEAR-OLD SCHOOL ARE ALL DAY-BOYS.

(Continued.) of other schools." The school was transferred in 1894 to its present site in Barnard's Inn, Holborn. The history of the school goes back at least to 1538, when, after the disestablishment of the Hospital of St. Thomas of Acon, the Mercers' Company bought the land on which the hospital stood and founded Mercers' School in 1542 under a deed of covenant with Henry VIII. There is a tradition that this is the same school as was established in the Hospital by Act of Parliament in 1447. The school's income derives solely from fees and annual grants from the Mercers' Company, the latter having totalled £170,000 over the last ten years. The school buildings, some views of which are shown on these pages, comprise, in addition to the usual complement of classrooms, laboratories and so forth, a printing press room.



THE PLAYGROUND DURING "BREAK." THE SCHOOL'S INCOME IS DERIVED SOLELY FROM FEES AND GENEROUS ANNUAL GRANTS FROM THE MERCERS' COMPANY.



IN THE SCHOOL WHICH IS TO BE CLOSED AFTER FOUR MORE TERMS BECAUSE OF RISING EXPENDITURE: BOYS WORKING IN THE LIBRARY.



A SCENE IN THE SCHOOL WHOSE HISTORY IS PART OF THAT OF THE CITY OF LONDON: A GREEK LESSON IN PROGRESS.



IN HIS STUDY, WHICH IS SITUATED IN ONE OF THE OLDEST PARTS OF THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS: THE HEADMASTER, MR. W. D. HADEN.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



I FORGET when I first caught sight of a really fine piece of Buddhist sculpture—I can't even remember whether it was Indian or Siamese or Cambodian or Chinese. I do know that it held me spellbound because it seemed to express an other-worldliness wholly different from that to which Europeans have been accustomed for so many centuries. I'm not suggesting that sculptors

doors, all executed between 1015 and 1186 for churches from Novgorod to Pisa, from Augsburg to Amalfi. It is an impressive performance, for who of us, at some time or another, has not stood before some magnificent bronze door and failed to appreciate the workmanship of its many panels? (I'm thinking particularly of the Baptistry at Florence, where you stand on the pavement distracted by the traffic at your back—and, in any case, you have to crane your neck uncomfortably). The main centre of bronze founding after the decay of Rome was naturally the capital of the empire at Byzantium, and several doors were made there for cities of Southern Italy, the design mostly in the *niello* technique—that is, incised in the flat bronze panel and inlaid with silver, with relief decoration used for ornament only.

By the twelfth century Italian artists were working wholly in relief, and Fig. 2 here is a detail from the great bronze door which once formed the main entrance to the cathedral at Benevento. Church and door were badly damaged during the war, and what is left of the latter is now preserved in the tower. It was a major disaster, for the door was regarded as the most important work of Romanesque art in the Campagna. Originally it was framed by two richly decorated columns and a transverse cornice of marble, and was divided into seventy-two separate sections, forty-four of them depicting the life of Christ. Only a few survive.

At first blush the whole volume seems to be concerned with so narrow and obscure a field that you prepare yourself instinctively for a tediously pedantic commentary by a monomaniac specialist, who will tell you more and more about less and less in many thousands of words. Instead you find an author who provides you with the necessary background information with commendable brevity and encourages you to form your own conclusions from the admirable photographs—in each case, first the whole door and then the details of its various parts. The subjects, he points out, are taken from the Old and New Testaments or, more rarely, from the legends of the lives of the saints. "To mediæval man, for the most part unable to read, these pictures gave a

graphic representation of the story of salvation from the fall of man down to the Redemption. Further, the door was the entrance and threshold of the sacred edifice, and the representation on the doors indicated most impressively the mystery which took place within. It was the borderline between the exterior and the interior, between the profane world and the sacred precincts."

While there are more than twenty such doors of this epoch still extant to-day in Europe, Russia and Byzantium, there is a record of only two in France—the north and south doors of the great church of St. Denis in Paris, and these seem to have been destroyed at the Revolution, presumably for the sake of the bronze contained in them. Apart from special orders from Byzantium itself, it is thought that Byzantine founders probably travelled as far as Germany. "The work itself was spiritual service; everything was done *ad maiorem gloriam Dei*," by artists "sheltered in a world of faith and surrounded by a living language of pictures and symbols understood by all." The result is immensely vigorous, no less than the Romanesque carvings in stone which have survived, and deeply impressive.

EAST AND WEST.

The detail from the Benevento bronze door—the Christ in Glory of Fig. 2—belongs to the twelfth century. The red sandstone Buddha from Siam of Fig. 1 can be dated to about the same century, and seems to me worthy to be set beside the European bronze, both for its æsthetic quality and because of its complete divergence of spirit. In the one case the Saviour of the world is conceived as a sort of dignified emperor, a benign law-giver, leader and teacher. In the other the founder of one of the two other great religions sits withdrawn in meditation (the attitude is that known as *Samadhi*—meditation) with that inscrutable half-smile on his lips which appears on all similar Buddhist sculptures, whether Indian, Siamese or Chinese, and which no one, as far as I know, has attempted to analyse or explain. It is easy enough to assert that both the pose and the features are hieratic and traditional, that this is how over many centuries South-East Asian man thought of him—withdrawn and remote; but that does not explain the uncanny skill by which, in many lands, and by many hands, that expression—half-ironic, half-tender—was caught and immortalised in stone and bronze and wood.

I have met many who, faced by some such sculpture for the first time, have been both impressed and repelled. This man, they have said, has experienced everything and knows all secrets, and they have gone on to remark the extreme subtlety by which the planes of the face, and particularly of the lips, have been built up to produce this timeless, ageless expression of beatitude beyond human emotion—which is, if I understand it correctly, the Buddhist ideal. Dr. Le May tells this story about an earlier head



FIG. 1. "WORTHY TO BE SET BESIDE THE EUROPEAN BRONZE": AN ELEVENTH- TO TWELFTH-CENTURY SANDSTONE BUDDHA FROM LOPBURI, CENTRAL SIAM. THIS FINE FIGURE IN THE ATTITUDE OF *SAMADHI* (MEDITATION) IS AMONG THOSE FROM THE LE MAY COLLECTION NOW ON VIEW AT THE MUSEUM OF EASTERN ART, OXFORD. (Height: 29 ins.)

in the West from the days of the greatness of Athens until now have not given us a multitude of noble carvings in which joy, sorrow, pride, hope and fear, love and hatred have not been made manifest. They have done all this, and more; what they have not achieved, for the good reason that it was not in the nature of their religious beliefs, is to attain to that extraordinary degree of calm, apparently omniscient remoteness, which is inherent in the work of their Far Eastern brethren, who were concerned not so much with the human body as with states of mind. This is commonly described as the search for the reality which lies behind appearance; the more down-to-earth sceptical materialist will speak of it as the pursuit of illusion beyond the obvious fact.

It so happens that two sets of illustrations which seem to me to emphasise this difference between East and West reached me on the same day. The first included five sculptures from Siam from the Le May Collection now on loan at the Museum of Eastern Art at Oxford. The second was a splendid picture book of "Romanesque Bronzes from Church Portals in Mediæval Europe," with brief descriptions by Hermann Leisinger.* The plates, 160 of them, are concerned with the details of sixteen bronze



FIG. 2. "CHRIST IN GLORY": A DETAIL FROM THE TWELFTH-CENTURY BRONZE DOOR AT BENEVENTO, WHICH FRANK DAVIS COMPARES WITH THE SIAMESE BUDDHA OF FIG. 1. THIS ILLUSTRATION IS REPRODUCED FROM HERMANN LEISINGER'S "ROMANESQUE BRONZES" (PHOENIX HOUSE), WHICH MR. DAVIS REVIEWS HERE.

of Buddha he had in his rooms, which was dusted daily. He found his landlady looking at it intently one morning and asked her whether she liked it. "Indeed I do," she said. "I ask him for orders every day."—"Why do you like it so much?" She thought deeply for a moment and then said: "He knows everything." Was ever a long-dead sculptor of a religious work paid a greater compliment?

The West has few opportunities of seeing these Siamese figures. I think the last to reach England were brought out by Dr. Le May himself in the 1930's, and it is most unlikely that any further exportation will be permitted

* "Romanesque Bronzes." By Hermann Leisinger. With 160 plates. (Phoenix House Ltd.; 63s.)

DUTCH, ITALIAN AND FRENCH: WORKS FROM A CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION.



"THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE": A VENETIAN SCENE, BY MICHELE MARIESCHI (1696-1743), IN THE EXHIBITION OF "FINE PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS OF FOUR CENTURIES" AT THE WILLIAM HALLSBOROUGH GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 22½ by 33 ins.)



"SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE": A WATER-COLOUR OF 1904 BY PAUL SIGNAC (1863-1935), WHICH MAKES A FASCINATING COMPARISON WITH MARIESCHI'S PAINTING OF THIS WONDERFUL CHURCH. (Water-colour: 6½ by 9½ ins.)



"SUMMER": ONE OF A PAIR OF EARLY WORKS BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1665), WHO WAS A PUPIL OF ESIAS VAN DE VELDE. SIGNED AND DATED, 1625. (Oil on panel: diameter, 13½ ins.)



"VILLAGE SCENE WITH THE REST ON THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT," BY JAN (VELVET) BRUEGHEL (1568-1625): A WORK OF 1607 WHICH WAS FORMERLY IN THE ALTE PINAKOTHEK AT MUNICH. (Oil on copper: 8½ by 12½ ins.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE CROSSING A FORD," BY SALOMON VAN RUYSDAEL (1602-1670). SIGNED AND DATED, 1642. (Oil on panel: 19½ by 25½ ins.)



"A VIEW OF XANTEN," BY JAN VAN DER HEYDEN (1637-1712). THIS WAS FORMERLY IN THE HERMITAGE AT PETROGRAD (LENINGRAD). (Oil on panel: 13 by 17½ ins.)

Under the title "Fine Paintings and Drawings of Four Centuries," the William Hallsborough Gallery, 20, Piccadilly Arcade, is showing an interesting exhibition of old and modern masters, which continues until May 24. There is a strong group of Dutch landscapes—two paintings and two drawings by Jan van Goyen, three panels by two members of the Brueghel family, a small

panel by Avercamp, and examples by Jan van der Heyden, Aert van der Neer, Salomon van Ruysdael and Esias van de Velde. In addition to the Marieschi shown here, the Venetian School is represented by drawings by both Francesco and Giacomo Guardi. Among the more modern works are drawings by Gauguin, Van Gogh, Renoir and Signac, and paintings by Picasso and Vlaminck.



A WELL-KNOWN VOLUME AT LLOYD'S: THE BOOK IN WHICH MARINE LOSSES ARE ENTERED FROM DAY TO DAY.



IN THE FORMER UNDERWRITING ROOM, THE LUTINE BELL BEING REMOVED FROM THE ROSTRUM DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAY.



ON THE OPENING DAY: A MESSAGE FROM VISITORS FOR A BROKER IS TRANSMITTED TO THE ROSTRUM IN THE UNDERWRITING ROOM.

RECENTLY OPENED FOR BUSINESS: THE UNDERWRITING ROOM, AND NEW LLOYD'S—SCENES IN THE LARGE MOVING THE LUTINE BELL.



PROVIDING SPACE FOR THE GREATLY INCREASED VOLUME OF BUSINESS



AT LLOYD'S: THE NEW UNDERWRITING ROOM—A GENERAL VIEW.

THE first day's business in the new Lloyd's building took place on April 8. The building, which is in Lime Street and is connected by a bridge with the former Lloyd's building in Leadenhall Street, was opened by the Queen Mother at an evening reception on November 14 last year (as reported in our issue of November 23). The foundation-stone of the new building had been laid some five years previously by the Queen, only about three decades after her grandfather, King George V, laid the foundation-stone of the former building in Leadenhall Street. This second move within a relatively short time has been made necessary by the great increase in insurance business carried on at Lloyd's, the increase having exceeded all earlier expectations and having caused acute congestion for many years. The new Underwriting Room, with the gallery, provides an underwriting area of about 44,250 sq. ft., a further 10,250 sq. ft. being available if required. In all, this is more than twice the area hitherto available. An important feature of the Underwriting Room is the new Calling System, which enables a broker to transmit his location to an indicator panel by dialling a code number. The main broker-location indicator panel is situated, with the Lutine Bell, above the

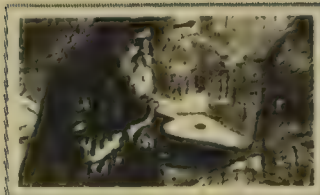
rostrum, the traditional place from which announcements are made. The locating of brokers is an essential part of business at Lloyd's, and for this the new Calling System is an important improvement. At the height of business there may be some 3000 to 4000 people in the Room and calls may be made at the rate of about twenty-two a minute, continuous calling being the characteristic sound of the Room at busy times. The new Room is also provided with air conditioning. The building rises to five storeys above the Underwriting Room, and on the first floor are underwriting rooms for insurance companies, while the principal Committee Offices and the Committee Room are situated on the second floor. In the main entrance vestibule to the Underwriting Room there is a new War Memorial Window by Mr. Hugh Easton. The architect of the new building was Mr. Terence Heysham, the building contractors were John Mowlem and Co., Ltd., and Oscar Faber and Partners were the consulting engineers. The name Lloyd's comes from Edward Lloyd's coffee-house, a centre for marine underwriting at the end of the 17th century. Insurers gathered and carried on business at the coffee-house, where Lloyd provided a marine news service.



AT THE OPENING CEREMONY: SIR WALTER BARRIE, CHAIRMAN OF LLOYD'S, SPEAKING FROM THE ROSTRUM. ABOVE HIM IS THE LUTINE BELL.



TO GIVE NEWS OF SHIPS SINKING: THE LUTINE BELL, BEING HUNG AT THE NEW ROSTRUM BEFORE THE OPENING.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ANNIVERSARY STOCK-TAKING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ON March 8, on this page, I drew attention once again to the extraordinary behaviour of shrews belonging to the genus *Crocidura*, in which the young ones in a litter run behind the mother in what has been called a "caravan." I also mentioned that this had been recorded in the scientific literature on four occasions only, and those all within the last decade. As a result of my article, Mrs. Maidie F. Hemeon, with whom I have had previous correspondence, wrote: "Had I known this before, I would have referred you to

process was unknown in the scientific literature twenty-five years ago, and until mention was made of it here, the records of it were confined to a few in the German literature. Yet from the numerous letters received it is clearly not abnormal, as I had at first thought, but commonplace, and has been seen by non-scientists on numerous occasions, who wondered what its significance might be but gave no more thought to it than this.

fruits of this, so far as the "fire-worship" in birds goes, convince me that what I saw in my own birds is not abnormal but very widespread. Plainly, it has been seen again and again by non-scientists who, as with the hedgehog's self-anointing, wondered at this curious behaviour but saw no more significance in it than a sort of freak event.

These are the four outstanding items upon which my knowledge has been enriched in the past twelve years, but there are a number of others upon which I am still endeavouring to collect further information. The last thing I would wish to do is to over-state the importance of these things. Beside the great body of knowledge revealed by orthodox scientific research, they appear relatively insignificant, although one cannot help wondering whether, if commonplace phenomena are so easily overlooked, our perspective in other more important matters may not be distorted. Nor is it my desire to claim an undeserved credit for bringing such matters into the light of day. On the contrary, it has happened not infrequently that, after having written, *ex cathedra*, so to speak, on a given subject, I receive a letter in which the writer, without deliberate intent to do so, shows me how much more there is to be known about a subject than I was aware of.

Much of the information contained in the letters received is of a more miscellaneous nature and cannot be grouped under convenient headings. Moreover, much of it cannot be repeatedly observed because it is of a kind best described as eccentric or highly individualistic. When brought together, however, it serves to emphasize one aspect of animal behaviour which is well known to those in the habit of keeping pets but often



A SWAN WITH A BROOD OF CYGNETS ON ITS BACK: A READER'S PHOTOGRAPH.
Photograph by Major P. H. L. Straghan, M.C.

anyone from India who has shared a bungalow with a female musk-rat (Hindi *chichundra*), who does this with every litter and whom I frequently mistook for a snake as the last tail slid round a corner."

This musk-rat, so called, is a species of shrew (*Suncus caeruleus*), which has taken to living in human dwellings and is tolerated because it cleans up so much insect vermin. I have not had an opportunity yet to make enquiries of those who know India well, but from Mrs. Hemeon's words it seems patent that caravanning in *Suncus* must be well known, yet there is, so far as I know, no record of it in the literature. Simultaneously, I learn that this caravanning takes place also in several shrews of the genus *Crocidura*, in South Africa. And I have also learned that further photographs have been taken of it recently in Switzerland.

To summarise: as a result of publicising something on this page, together with the subsequent correspondence arising from it, it is revealed that here is a natural phenomenon that is probably widespread over three continents. Yet a decade ago there was no record of it in the literature.

March 8, 1958, marked the twelfth anniversary of my first association with this page. During that period of twelve years I have received something like 3000 letters from readers on a variety of subjects. Anniversaries give the occasion for stock-taking, and as I recall these numerous letters several items stand out concerning the very considerable additions to my own knowledge that they have contributed. One of these has to do with this same point, information apparently well known that has not been recorded in the scientific literature, or has been given little attention.

Some weeks ago I mentioned that swans may carry their cygnets on their backs. This has been recorded, but with so little emphasis that an ornithologist had doubted that it occurred. This, indeed, was the reason why I mentioned it. A veritable shower of letters followed my account of it, and these leave me in no doubt that it happens many times every year and is seen frequently. It is, in fact, commonplace.

Another such item has to do with the self-anointing of hedgehogs. This extraordinary

groom the hair on the underparts, by licking, reaching with the tongue as far as they can and then pulling the loose skin of the more inaccessible parts towards the mouth with the claws on the front paws. Most remarkable of all, a hedgehog will crook the front leg to reach the back in order to scratch between the spines. These observations, and others, on this extremely common and familiar animal, serve to show how little we know about a beast that lives almost literally on our doorstep. They make one wonder how much we really know (scientifically) about the animals of the world in spite of all that has been written.

A third item about which my eyes have been opened concerns one of the most spectacular discoveries I have been privileged to make. This is the fascination that fire and smoke hold for many birds. I have already described on this page how two rooks in my possession will wallow in flames, apparently with complete immunity, and will strike matches to hold them under their wings. Also, of the way they, and a pet jay, will readily take lighted cigarettes and do the same with them. In the early stages of these observations I thought this behaviour abnormal. Time has shown it is anything but abnormal.

Whenever somebody writes to me giving details of a particularly interesting observation, I endeavour to obtain further information about it, if possible by paying a visit to see for myself. The

Hedgehogs have been a particularly fruitful subject to me, as a result of letters received, followed by my own first-hand observations to check what was said in them. As a consequence, I have learned how these animals transport their litters, build their nests, moult their spines and perform their toilet, nothing of which, so far as I am aware, has been set on record. As to the toilet, using the word in its wide sense, I now know that hedgehogs yawn, stretch and shake themselves on waking, very much as a dog does. They



WALLOWING IN FRONT OF THE FLAMES OF A FIRE IN AN OUTDOOR COPPER: A HOODIE CROW, A FORMER PET OF MRS. E. CORLEY, OF BERKSHIRE.

This hoodie crow would also spread its wings, in much the same way as shown in this photograph, on the edge of the coffee pot while "wiping beakful of boiling coffee down its breast" although it "hated the taste of coffee."

Photograph by Mrs. E. Corley.

escapes the purely experimental zoologist. Or if it is noticed, it is generally ignored in the formal scientific literature. This has to do with the individualistic traits. The basic behaviour of animals is undoubtedly a synthesis of specific reactions evoked by well-defined stimuli. Too close attention to these, while ignoring all the rest, is apt to give the impression that animals are largely automata. Over and above it all, however, there is an infinity of individual characteristics. Wide observation of these can lead to one conclusion only—that the higher animals, and possibly many of the lower, are not without their whims, their peculiar tastes, their likes and dislikes, and their personal idiosyncrasies.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND NOTABLE EVENTS.



FORMERLY CLERK OF THE COMMONS: THE LATE LORD CAMPION.
Lord Campion, who died on April 6 aged seventy-five, spent forty-two years at the Palace of Westminster, and was Clerk of the House of Commons from 1937 until his retirement in 1948. He had an incomparable knowledge of the laws and customs of the Commons and wrote "Introduction to the Procedure of the House of Commons."



THE LATE AMBASSADOR AT ATHENS DIES: SIR C. PEAKE.
Sir Charles Peake, British Ambassador at Athens from 1951 until he retired early last year, died aged sixty-one on April 10. He served with distinction in the First World War, and during and after the Second World War he held many senior appointments. From 1946-51 he was British Ambassador in Belgrade.



THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF CHRISTIE'S: MR. I. O. CHANCE.
Mr. I. O. Chance, who joined the firm of Christie's, the world-famous auctioneers, in 1930, has been appointed Chairman of the company. He succeeds Mr. R. W. Lloyd, who has been Chairman since 1941 and is retiring at the age of ninety. The board has been reconstructed and Sir Alec Martin, head of the picture department, who is seventy-three, is to retire at the end of the summer season. Sir Alec and Sir Henry Floyd (who is also retiring) will serve the new board as consultants.



A GREAT PLANT EXPLORER: THE LATE MR. F. KINGDON-WARD.
Mr. Frank Kingdon-Ward, who died on April 8 at the age of seventy-two, was a noted traveller, geographer, author and plant collector. He went on many expeditions to the country round the India and south-west China border. He introduced many notable plants to gardens in Britain, and was a noted travel writer.



A RECENT DEATH: THE EARL OF YPRES.
The Earl of Ypres died at his home at Hampton Court on April 5. He was 76, and was the second Earl, his father being Field Marshal the Earl of Ypres. He served in the First World War, and in more recent years devoted much of his spare time to painting. He succeeded as second Earl on the death of his father in 1925.



(Left.) A DRAMATIC CRITIC OF NOTE DIES: MR. G. J. NATHAN.
Mr. George Jean Nathan, the well-known American dramatic critic and author, died in New York aged seventy-six on April 8. He was noted for his acid wit, and described himself as a destructive, rather than a constructive, critic. From 1914, he co-operated in journalism with the late H. L. Mencken.



ON THE OCCASION OF HER PLAY'S RECORD OF 2239 PERFORMANCES: MRS. AGATHA CHRISTIE PRESENTING A GOLD MOUSETRAP TO MR. RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH.
At a party to celebrate the 2239 performances of her play "The Mousetrap"—the longest run in the history of the British theatre—at the Savoy Hotel on April 13, Mrs. Agatha Christie presented a golden mouse and mousetrap to the Ambassadors Theatre, where the play is being shown. The presentation was made to Mr. Richard Attenborough, who created the part of Det.-Sgt. Trotter in 1952. Mr. John Mills (above, left) has also played in the part. A golden programme of the play was presented to Mrs. Christie. The 2239th performance was on April 12.

(Right.) APPOINTED C.B.E.: PROF. GEORG MAURER, OF MUNICH.
In recognition of his efficiency and devotion in caring for the survivors of the Munich air disaster, the Queen has appointed Professor Georg Maurer, Chief Surgeon at the Rechts der Isar Hospital, Munich, to be a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. He is the second German to receive this honour.



AFTER WINNING THE BRITISH EMPIRE TROPHY RACE: STIRLING MOSS, AND HIS WIFE.
Stirling Moss easily won the British Empire Trophy race at Oulton Park, Cheshire, on April 12, thus repeating the success he had in the same type of car, the 3.9-litre DBR2 Aston Martin, at Goodwood on Easter Monday. He set up a new lap record with an average speed of 89.7 m.p.h.



LADY DIPLOMATISTS AT THE CUBAN EMBASSY: SENORA MARIA HIDALGO AND HER DAUGHTER WHO RECENTLY ARRIVED IN LONDON.
Charm has been added to diplomacy at the Cuban Embassy with the arrival recently of Señora Maria Hidalgo and her daughter, Señorita Raquel Porro. They have come to London to take up appointments as attachés at the Embassy.



APPOINTED CHIEF INSPECTING OFFICER OF RAILWAYS: BRIGADIER C. A. LANGLEY.
Brigadier C. A. Langley has been appointed Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways in succession to the late Lieut.-Colonel G. R. S. Wilson. For the past eleven years, following his retirement from the Royal Engineers, Brigadier Langley has been an inspecting officer of railways. Last year he helped the commission of inquiry into the railway accident in Jamaica in which more than 170 people lost their lives.



A ROYAL WEDDING IN LUXEMBOURG: PRINCESS MARIE ADELAIDE, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUCHESS, AND COUNT CHARLES JOSEPH HENCKEL VON DONNERSMARCK.
On April 10 crowds thronged the streets of the city of Luxembourg for the marriage of Princess Marie Adélaïde, the 33-year-old second daughter of the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg, to Count Charles Joseph Henckel von Donnersmarck. The religious service was celebrated in the Cathedral by Mgr. Lommel, Bishop of Luxembourg. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the Cathedral for the Palace.



IN LONDON FOR BUTTER TALKS: MR. CLARENCE SKINNER.
Mr. Clarence Skinner, New Zealand's Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Agriculture, has been having urgent talks in London with the British Government, including the President of the Board of Trade, about the price of butter. Mr. Skinner said that unless New Zealand farmers obtained an economic price for butter his Government would be forced to settle the trade deficit by cutting imports by £50,000,000.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THERE is a variety of borecole or kale called "Hungry Gap." What a delightfully expressive and descriptive name for a green vegetable which comes to the

rescue when the kitchen garden has reached its very lowest ebb! Having admired the name for as long as I can remember, I feel that I really must invest in a packet of the seed, price 4d., or, if one is feeling reckless, 9d. It is described in one seed-list as "the latest and hardest of all winter greens. Excellent either as a vegetable or for stock feeding." Curious how many vegetables, which started their careers as food for farm stock, have become accepted, by folk who take food seriously, as excellent for table use.

The common-or-farmyard swede is a shining example of this. Personally, I would place it far above its smaller, aristocratic cousin, the garden turnip, for table use. A swede, well cooked and served, is a delicacy, despite its bucolic origin, whilst a turnip is always just a little too turnipy for my liking. Apart from its use as a root vegetable, the swede may be used to provide "greens" during the often difficult hungry-gap period. The plan is to obtain—if you have not grown them—a number of good, hearty swedes, and plant them, half-buried and as close together as they will go in a frame, or a greenhouse. Planted thus in mid-winter, they will begin to sprout in spring, sending up a forest of tender shoots—in fact, turnip-tops. Such a crop may, of course, be obtained earlier if there is gentle heat—hot-bed or otherwise—in the frame, and swedes for forcing in this way may often be had from a friendly farmer. But swedes as sold by the greengrocer are often too severely trimmed and tidied up, so that the crown of buds is no longer there to sprout.

Last summer I sowed a pinch of seed of the marrow-stem kale with the idea of providing winter greens for my poultry—eight celibate hens. Unfortunately, the seed was sown rather too late, with the result that the plants were not all as well-grown as they should have been. I was hoping for a row of the familiar farm giants, standing with those great, gouty legs, and wide-spreading, leafy tops. Only a few of my specimens approached this sort of thing, but those few convince me that I must certainly grow a proper crop of marrow-stem kale this year. The poorer specimens were, however, an outstanding success with the hens. They were mad about them. In fact, I am convinced that there can be few crimes that they would not be prepared to commit to get at the growing crop. For table use a dish of tender sprouting tops from the marrow-stem kale proved delicious. I have read, too, that the tender centres of the great, thick marrow-stems, cut

HUNGRY GAP.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

into stout strips and cooked and served like asparagus, are excellent.

By an oversight, no purple sprouting broccoli got planted in my garden last year, which is a tiresome pity. It is such a useful and excellent vegetable during the hungry-gap season. Need I emphasise the importance of gathering the sprouting purple tops by careful *hand-snapping*? A friend complained to me recently that her purple sprouting broccoli was terribly tough this winter. Almost too tough to eat. I discovered that she was gathering the shoots with

can not remember whether this kale had any particular name, unless it is perhaps the "Cottagers' Kale," seed of which I see offered in many catalogues. Then, too, there is the Labrador kale which was launched by that great vegetable gardener, the late Edwin Becket, when he was head gardener at Aldenham Park, in Hertfordshire, many years ago. It had a certain success for a while, but eventually dropped almost completely out of commerce, and to-day I know of only one seed-list that offers it. I made a great feature of the Labrador kale in my Six Hills

seed-list at Stevenage for some years before the war, and it proved a popular success, for it is as hardy as its name, Labrador, suggests, and its sprouting shoots were tender and tasty, with a slight tang of bitterness which convinced folk that it must be doing them a power of good.

A green vegetable which I have tried occasionally and enjoyed to a moderate degree are the top-growths of broad bean plants, which one pinches out to prevent that revolting plague, black fly, infesting them, or, too often, I am afraid, too late to remove the infestation. Taken just in time, before the black fly arrives, these tender, leafy bean-tops are worth a

trial. You may not like them tremendously. But at any rate they are a change, and a vegetable which is not likely to occur often enough to bore one as those eternal Brussels sprouts are apt to bore towards the end of their season. My autumn-sown broad beans have done uncommonly well this year—so well, in fact, that having several spring sowings coming on as well, I have decided to pinch out the tops of a portion of the autumn-sown rows, and try a dish of them by way of a change during this hungry-gap period. Helped out with butter, salt and pepper—lots of butter—I think they should be good. And, anyway, pinching-out the tops of the young plants, although it will delay their production of beans, will cause them to branch out with several stems from immediately below the pinching, and so add extra pods to the total eventual crop.

For folk who can tolerate tender broad-bean tops as an occasional catch-crop green vegetable, it might be worth while sowing a few boxes of the seed and bringing them on early, under glass. In most gardens it is possible to have home-saved broad bean seeds, so that an experimental sowing under glass need not be any great extravagance. The beans could be sown pretty thickly in seed-boxes and grown in a frame or a greenhouse and a little artificial heat would be an advantage though not a necessity. They might even be started in that homely but invaluable tropical device of so many keen amateurs—"over the hot tank in the airing cupboard."



WHETHER SEEN AS AN INDIVIDUAL PLANT (ABOVE) OR IN THE MASS (RIGHT), LIKE THE SUMMIT OF SOME STRANGE RAIN-FOREST, CURLED KALE IS ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST OF VEGETABLES AND ITS TENDER SPROUTING SHOOTS MAKE AN EXCELLENT DISH IN THE "HUNGRY GAP" OF THE YEAR.

Photographs by J. E. Downward.



a knife and, dear thrifty soul, was cutting them much too long, so that the lower half of each gathered sprout was almost woody.

A most useful brassica which I grew for a while when I was living in Hertfordshire was a perennial kale. It was propagated in the simplest way—by just pulling off young 12-in. woody branches, with a heel, and sticking them in the ground about a couple of feet apart. Planted in this way in early summer, they rooted readily and grew into fine bushy plants which provided masses of tender sprouting shoots for winter use. I

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LONDON'S NEW AIRPORT; A NEW ARAB FLAG; AND OTHER TOPICAL ITEMS.



TWO OF THE DOGS THAT HELPED DR. FUCHS TO REACH THE SOUTH POLE: MUTT AND NANOK WITH TWO CADETS OF S.S. *CALLIC* WHEN THE SHIP DOCKED IN LONDON. Eight of the huskies which took part in Dr. Fuchs's journey to the South Pole recently made the voyage from New Zealand to England. All are between three and four years old and weigh between 60 and 80 lb. Homes may be found for them in England; otherwise they will go to Norway to draw hospital sledges.



NOW UNDER INTENSIVE CONSTRUCTION AND DUE TO BE OPENED BY H.M. THE QUEEN EARLY IN JUNE: THE BUILDINGS OF GATWICK AIRPORT FROM THE AIR. In this air photograph of Gatwick Airport—of which the first phase is to cost £7,200,000 instead of an estimated £6,000,000—the main building can be seen, centre, straddling the main road, with, right, the elevated carriageway approach. In the foreground is the railway, with a covered approach from each platform.



HARWELL TO THE RESCUE AT STONEHENGE: MANŒUVRING A CANISTER OF RADIOACTIVE SODIUM UNDER A FALLEN TRILITHON STONE IN ORDER TO DISCOVER THE EXTENT OF THE CRACKS IN THE CURRENT RESTORATION.



SHAGS AT CAMBRIDGE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A PAIR OF SHAGS BESIDE THE CAM, FAR FROM THEIR USUAL HAUNTS ON THE ROCKY WESTERN COASTS. THIS SPRING AND WINTER SHAGS HAVE BEEN REPORTED INLAND MORE OFTEN THAN IS CUSTOMARY.

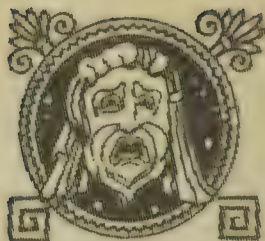


THE NEW FLAG OF THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC—RED, WHITE AND BLACK WITH TWO GREEN STARS ON THE WHITE—SALUTED AT CAIRO BY THE C-IN-C., ARMED FORCES, FIELD MARSHAL ABDUL HAKIM AMER.



A TRAGEDY IN KENT: THE REMAINS OF THE CAR IN WHICH A FAMILY OF FOUR WAS KILLED WHEN IT WAS HIT BY A UNITED STATES JET AIRCRAFT.

Mr. Wilfred Booth (who was a schoolteacher), his wife and his two children were killed on April 9 when their car was struck by a U.S. jet aircraft which failed to land correctly at the U.S. Air Force base at Manston, Kent. The pilot, the only occupant of the aircraft, was uninjured, but went to hospital.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



BONJOUR LARGESSE

By ALAN DENT.

de Sica, as the lovable and humorous Italian doctor who is accused of treason. War and gun-fire in snow dominate the rest.

War, too, is the theme of "Orders to Kill," but it is a theme thoroughly integrated with the story of Gene Summers—a story founded just as much on

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



IRENE WORTH AS LEONIE AND PAUL MASSIE AS GENE SUMMERS IN A SCENE FROM "ORDERS TO KILL."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Nothing in a crowded week has given me more pleasure, of a deep and subtle sort, than the interplaying of Irene Worth and Paul Massie in their big mutual scenes in 'Orders to Kill' (a British Lion film written by Paul Dehn and directed by Anthony Asquith). The actress plays a Parisian dressmaker who is in the Resistance Movement; and the young actor—an expressive new-comer—plays an American pilot-officer who has been sent to Paris on a difficult mission. She gives him lessons in the dangerous arts of espionage which she herself has learned from bitter and arduous experience. Her performance is particularly haunting, but the two are complementary."

truth as on fiction—who was taken out of the U.S. Air Corps to go to Paris and murder an allegedly dangerous citizen in the black year 1944. Summers found his victim to be an apparently harmless and even kindly little oldish man, with a love of cats which Summers happened to share. Summers finds it infinitely harder to kill one man with his bare hands than to kill an unknown thousand by pressing a button in an aeroplane. The film, in short, is a vivid and cogent reminder of the fact—one we are inclined to overlook in peacetime, and almost bound to overlook

in wartime—that war is simply mass-murder.

This is, in fact, by far the most important of the films under review. Its thrust is timely, and it is extraordinarily well-made and well-written. The two best performances are the subject of my photographed "choice" this week. But hardly less good is Eddie Albert as the major with the all-but-reassuring smile who sends Summers on

his harrowing mission of murder. Leslie French is almost too pitiable as the apparently kind-hearted victim, and James Robertson Justice almost too jaunty as a breezy and, of course, bearded instructor in the most reliable methods of stabbing, felling, and rapid slaying. Excellent work! My one complaint is that much too little is seen of my heart's darling, Lillian Gish, who plays the hero's mother. But this is not really a complaint: it is a regret. Let me not to the marriage of two such film-making minds as those of Anthony Asquith and Paul Dehn admit impediments!

Although "Peyton Place" is no place for me, the novel from which it is taken is obviously huge and detailed—a saga of life as it is lived to-day in a smallish town in New England or, at least, not a thousand miles from New York—and the viewer has the pleasant feeling that he is being told *all* within 200 minutes or so, and that it would now be a mere work of supererogation to embark on the novel. It is a very lurid slice of life, life with the lid off nearly all the time. It is my experience in cooking that you get a better stew if you keep your lid on, or, at least, partly on, for a great deal of the time. The analogy holds, I think, for a work of art of even the most realistic sort. But perhaps a later and better opportunity will turn up for the exploration and examination of this original thesis!

Enjoyment of "The Quiet American" seems largely to depend upon *not* having read Mr. Greene's novel. Most of my colleagues assure me that Joseph L. Mankiewicz's film departs from the book on a very important political issue which would probably be quite beyond my intensely unpolitical



A SCENE FROM UNITED ARTISTS' "THE QUIET AMERICAN"—THE FILM OF GRAHAM GREENE'S NOVEL: FOWLER (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) TELLS PHUONG (GIORGIA MOLL), TO WHOM HE HAS PROPOSED MARRIAGE, THAT HE IS WRITING TO HIS WIFE TO ASK FOR A DIVORCE. (LONDON PREMIERE: LONDON PAVILION, MARCH 28.)



"EXTRAORDINARILY WELL-MADE AND WELL-WRITTEN": "ORDERS TO KILL"—A SCENE IN WHICH MARCEL LAFITTE (LESLIE FRENCH, LEFT) APOLOGISES FOR BEING LATE TO GENE SUMMERS (PAUL MASSIE), WHO HAS ORDERS TO KILL HIM. (LONDON PREMIERE: RIALTO, MARCH 27.)

"brilliant"—it is the catchword of Mlle. Sagan's young folks—as the nice but ill-starred character who becomes affianced to Cécile's father. There is a persistent and insistent background of the Mediterranean at its bluest.

Of the novel, "A Farewell to Arms," I remember an immensely big love-affair between an American and an English V.A.D. nurse—an affair with a crisp and tragic ending—all set against a rather remote background of the First World War as it happened in the Italian Alps. Of the film just seen, the violent war scenes, actually filmed in a severe Italian winter, drive the love-affair into the background, even though the death-scene in which Catherine smiles farewell to Frederic must be the longest in the whole history of drama and film. The truth is that Jennifer Jones and Rock Hudson cannot sustain it. The one piece of sound acting in this huge and elaborate film—spectacularly directed by Charles Vidor—is that of Vittorio

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"SAYONARA" (Generally Released: April 7).—Brando at his most ingratiating as an American officer in occupied Japan wooing an almost inaccessible Japanese actress. There is a poignant sub-plot behind all the comedy.

"INNOCENT SINNERS" (Generally Released: March 31).—A poor child in Battersea (June Archer) steals money from a church to make a garden of her own in the churchyard. A worth-while film directed with unsentimental tenderness by Philip Leacock.

"PARIS HOLIDAY" (Generally Released: April 7).—The styles of Bob Hope (say, tenor saxophone) and Fernandel (say, French horn) never really blend in this uproarious, strident, rather tasteless farce.

comprehension anyhow. So let me only say that I found the film an exciting melodrama happening in Saigon in 1952 during the New Year festivities, when every conceivable sort of hatchet is supposed to be buried for three days at least. Audie Murphy gives a performance of uneasy charm as the American who gets murdered during all this merry-making. The English journalist Fowler and the French chief-of-police Vigot are in the much more accomplished hands of Michael Redgrave and Claude Dauphin. What I shall for longest remember about this film will be the smiling urbanity with which the Frenchman says to the Englishman: "If you will pardon my attempt at colloquial English, Mr. Fowler, they have made a bloody fool of you!"

And now, please, may I return to the re-perusal of my Meredith and my Fielding? They, at least are free from any possible alteration or adaptation at the hands of the film-makers. Or, my goodness gracious, are they?

FROM A MUCH-TRAVELLED BIRD TO THE AMATEUR CUP FINAL; AND OTHER NEWS IN PICTURES.



A CRASH, WHILE LEADING IN THE INTERNATIONAL 100 RACE AT GOODWOOD ON APRIL 8: THE B.R.M., DRIVEN BY J. BEHRA, LOSES A WHEEL AT THE CHICANE.

On Easter Monday, both B.R.M.s in the International 100 race failed, one with brake trouble, the other, driven by the Frenchman, J. Behra, crashing into the chicane, the artificial S-bend leading to the pits. The car lost a wheel and the suspension was damaged, but the driver stepped out uninjured.



FIRST TIME LUCKY AT WEMBLEY: AFTER THE AMATEUR FOOTBALL CUP FINAL, THE WOKING CAPTAIN, C. MORTIMORE, CARRIES OFF THE CUP.

In an Amateur Cup Final, in which the North of England was not represented, Woking, making their first appearance in the final, beat Ilford by three goals to nil before a crowd of 71,000. The score at half-time was 1-0 and for a while it looked as though Ilford would equalise, but Woking triumphed.



DRAKE'S DRUM RETURNS TO HIS HOME: THE CELEBRATED RELIC, ON LOAN FROM MR. R. ANTHONY MEYRICK, BEING CARRIED INTO BUCKLAND ABBEY, DEVON. IT IS ONCE MORE ON VIEW TO THE VISITING PUBLIC.



TENNIS UNDER COVER AT WIMBLEDON: WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE PRE-STRESSED CONCRETE DOME BEING BUILT OVER TWO HARD TENNIS COURTS.

Work is nearing completion on the largest pre-stressed concrete dome of its kind in Europe which is being erected over the two hard tennis courts in the car park at the All England Tennis Club, Wimbledon. The paraboloid roof has a span of 175 ft. The architect and engineer is Mr. C. J. Pell, of London.



THE DESIGNER OF THE HULTON ACHIEVEMENT AWARD WHICH WAS TO BE PRESENTED TO THE ZETA TEAM: TACITA FONTANA, WHO COMES FROM A WELL-KNOWN ITALIAN FAMILY OF ARTISTS. The Hulton Achievement Award, which was to be presented on April 15 to Sir John Cockcroft and his Zeta team, was designed by Tacita Fontana. Miss Fontana, who comes of an Italian family noted in the past for its sculptors, architects and painters, turned to sculpting only in 1948, having previously been a violinist.



"ONE-OUNCE BIRD FLIES TO RUSSIA TWICE": A LITTLE STINT IN SOUTH AFRICA AFTER A JOURNEY TO RUSSIA.

A little Stint (a bird which breeds in north Russia), first ringed in 1955 by Mr. E. Middlemiss (above), the Warden of the Rondevlei Bird Sanctuary, in South Africa, was recently captured again after completing three migratory flights from Russia since the year it was first ringed. This active feathered traveller weighs less than an ounce.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HIGH HOLIDAY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT has been a raw, cold Easter. If anyone asks me how I am, I shall have to risk being thought a bore, and answer in horrid detail. Luckily, no one is asking me at the moment, so I can spare the list of ills and report merely that to think of the theatre during the last few days can help a great deal. In fact, as I recall it now, the sky brightens: I can say of myself, rather as Gilbert's Galatea said, "I feel my frame pervaded by a glow that seems to thaw my marble into flesh."

First, "Twelfth Night." It takes an exceptionally bad performance to discourage one here, but I have known those performances: Illyria in the damps of February, with the players like mechanical figures rusting at the joints. There is nothing like that at the Old Vic, where Michael Benthall's production gives well on three hours of true Illyrian pleasure, modified only by one's questioning of Maria's status. If she is Olivia's "gentlewoman," then why does she dress and behave as she does at the Vic? But it is not a point for lasting grief: Judi Dench is agreeably unaffected, and she often forgets her accent.

This Illyria is a world of its own, far in the shining haze. Mr. Benthall knows its May evenings as well as the May morning: we miss nothing of the play's heart-aching wistfulness or of its buoyant comedy. You may pause here and ask, in effect, whether I am not being hypocritical, whether it is probable that, after so many repetitions, the cakes-and-ale of midnight and the gulling of Malvolio in the full May noon can still be funny. I reply firmly that they are indeed—when they are played, as now, by artists who appear to come to them freshly without dragging wearily over the chalk-marks of a thousand productions. The entire night has this freshness of approach, and even when a few of the performances seem to stray, we are not seriously alarmed.

Without doubt the comedy comes across, though, as always, I must speak for myself. Some of my colleagues may have sat glumly. I must affirm that when Sir Andrew, at the midnight revel, found that he was quite unable to enunciate the tale of the Vapians; or when he and Viola-Cesario clung together, comrades in alarm, at the entry of Antonio, sword drawn; or when Richard Wordsworth's Malvolio sawed away at his vowels, or—for the first time in my recollection—found himself shackled by his cross-gartering, the world of Illyria seemed quite as happy, quite as preposterous, as it had ever been down the years. With Barbara Jefford to speak Viola gallantly—and I must repeat that she bears herself as well as any actress of her time—there is no trouble with the verse (or not much: vocally, Olivia may be a little thin). The production, in Desmond Heeley's terrace-and-pergola set, and with his decoratively fantastic costumes and Mr. Benthall's lighting, fills every detail: Ronald Fraser, who has a way with the minnow-parts—remember his Elbow in "Measure for Measure"—even flashes up the Priest.

I shall think with gratitude of Miss Jefford, Mr. Wordsworth, Paul Daneman's curiously maritime Toby (or is that my illusion?), and Derek Godfrey's quiet Feste, who may be wearing a cast-off suit of the Countess's late father. But, over all, my thanks go to John Neville for a Sir Andrew likely to be definitive. The man is slow-witted, but charmingly so. When he is addressed, it is some time before a glimmer of daybreak shows behind his eyes. But he can enjoy himself in his own single-minded fashion. He can be "a dog at a catch," and he will pursue the

morning's jest with a child's concentration. The part is not for a moment over-driven. Andrew stands before us in all his naïveté, and I hope that he will be able to settle down



"THE WILDEST OF FANTASIES PRESENTED WITH THE STRAIGHTEST OF FACES": "A RESOUNDING TINKLE" (ROYAL COURT), SHOWING A SCENE FROM N. F. SIMPSON'S PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) MR. BRADDOCK (NIGEL DAVENPORT); UNCLE TED (SHEILA BALLANTINE), AND MRS. BRADDOCK (WENDY CRAIG).



"IT DESERVES A VERY LONG RUN, AND IT SHOULD REDUCE QUITE CONSIDERABLY THE NUMBER OF INTENDED POISONINGS IN THE COUNTY OF SURREY": "NOT IN THE BOOK" (CRITERION), SHOWING SYLVIA BENNETT (AVICE LANDON) AND HER HUSBAND, ANDREW BENNETT (WILFRID HYDE WHITE), IN A SCENE FROM ARTHUR WATKYN'S COMEDY WHICH IS ALSO HENRY SHEREK'S 100th PRODUCTION IN LONDON.

somewhere in Illyria, still remembering that he was loved once.

It occurred to me on the following night, while watching "Not in the Book" (Criterion), that

I would like—at a venture—to see Wilfrid Hyde White cast as Sir Toby, a very knowing, "consanguineous" knight: not Malvolio, for the actor would find it hard to take the intelligence from that rovingly watchful eye; not Andrew, for he was never meant to be led; but (I still hold) a different kind of Toby, assuming always that one could forget the unfortunate surname, Belch. Mr. Hyde White has never belched.

In Arthur Watkyn's play he looks—as I have said before—like a yak, assuming that it is the wisest of yaks, an exceedingly punctilious type with a high position in the Civil Service. What does this man do when, having been blackmailed—in itself a shocking departure from routine—he decides to poison the blackmailer? Naturally, he wants a rule-book of some kind; and in the manuscript of a crime novel, conveniently brought to his notice (I think it is the appropriate phrase), he finds his plan: one that has to do with "sugar" that turns out to be a potent dose of weed-killer unfailing in coffee.

Alas, on the evening appointed, absolutely nothing goes right, though Mr. Hyde White moves about his task with a fussy precision—so fussy that he does get bored and confused in pouring weedkiller into one container and sugar into the next. It is possible to sympathise with him very much. After all, if you have engaged to poison a blackmailer on, say, the stroke of 8 p.m., according to a competent authority, it is inconsiderate of Fate not to realise that you and the competent authority must be allowed your way. I will not say what happens in this piece. It is a tale "made to be told," if ever there was one, but it is made most acceptably and craftily, and acted with a comparable pleasure by the sad, peering, impeccable Mr. Hyde White; by Avice Landon (now without her final "e") as his happy flutter of a wife; by Sydney Tafler as the sort of Latin American one finds in the textbooks; and by Charles Heslop as an irrelevant Colonel with a cricketing fixation. This is Henry Sherek's one-hundredth production in London. It deserves a very long run, and it should reduce quite considerably the number of intended poisonings in the County of Surrey.

Although N. F. Simpson's "A Resounding Tinkle," at the Royal Court, was probably a bad full-length play, it makes a full, rich single act—assuming always that you have a taste for the wildest of fantasies presented with the straightest of faces: never a gleam in the eye, a trembling of the lip. Much of it is an exercise in logic applied to the most absurd subjects. It stands to reason that if you have your snake lengthened, you lose on the thickness. What have snakes to do with it? A lot, as you will discover. Elephants, too, and eagles; and Uncle Ted, who has changed his sex since his last visit; and so on, and so on. Arthur Machen called one of his books "A Fragment of Life," and these characters at the Court, fantastic though they are, are at heart as ordinary as Machen's Mary and Edward. "A Resounding Tinkle" may not be for all visitors; but—except during one of this theatre's juvenile thrusts at religion—it is gravely enjoyable. "The Hole," by the same author, which follows it, drifts off into nothing, but I shall remember the first play and its acting by Wendy Craig, Sheila Ballantine, and Nigel Davenport.

A happy week, then. Even the Easter Monday impact of Liberace—at the Palladium—has not made me change my mind, though I do feel that this artist should be heard and not seen.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ANY OTHER BUSINESS" (Westminster).—George Ross and Campbell Singer's play about a "take-over bid." (April 10.)
 "THE BRASS BUTTERFLY" (Strand).—Comedy by William Golding, with Alastair Sim as a Roman Emperor. (April 17.)

HERE AND THERE: ROYAL OCCASIONS; AND NEWS ITEMS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND



AFTER SPENDING TWO HOURS WATCHING SEA CADETS AND OTHERS TRAINING: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE TILLER OF A WHALER.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who is Admiral of the Sea Cadet Corps, spent two hours on Ravens Ait, at Surbiton, on April 12 watching 150 Sea Cadets, Sea Scouts, Sea Rangers and members of the Combined Cadet Force training. Later the Duke took the tiller as he was rowed ashore.



SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE NIGHT SKY: SALISBURY'S MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL, WHICH IS CELEBRATING THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS CONSECRATION. THE CATHEDRAL, WHICH IS ONE OF ENGLAND'S GLORIES, WILL BE FLOODLIT EVERY EVENING UNTIL OCTOBER.



AFTER DISTRIBUTING THE ROYAL MAUNDY: H.M. THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON MAUNDY THURSDAY.

On Maundy Thursday, April 3, the Queen distributed the traditional Royal Maundy at Westminster Abbey. The Queen gave purses to thirty-two old men and thirty-two old women—one for each year of her Majesty's age. The purses were carried behind the Queen on the Maundy Dish, which dates from the reign of Charles II.



DURING HER FIRST TRIAL ON THE CLYDE: SCEPTRE, THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON'S CONTENDER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP, OFF SANDBANK, SCOTLAND.

A week after her launching from the yard of Alexander Robertson and Sons at Sandbank the 12-metre yacht *Sceptre* underwent her first trials on the Clyde. *Sceptre* is to be shipped to America in July. The series of America's Cup races begins in September.



A SIGHT WHICH WOULD HAVE DELIGHTED MR. HILAIRE BELLOC: THE RESTORED WINDMILL NEAR THE HOUSE AT SHIPLEY, SUSSEX, WHERE HE LIVED FOR MANY YEARS.

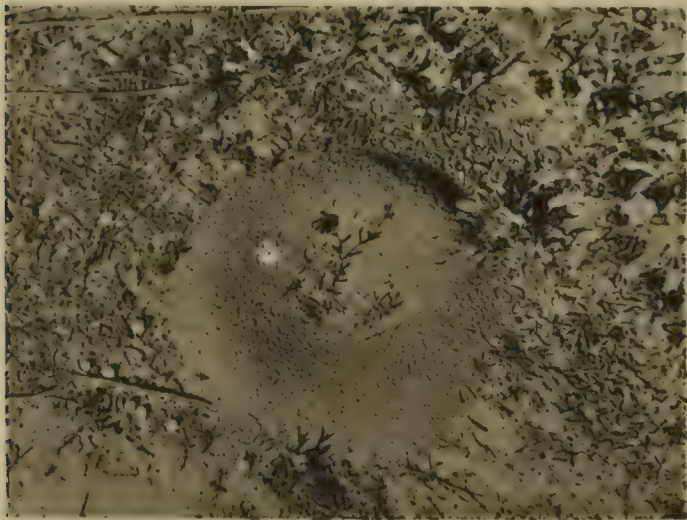
King's Mill at Shipley, in West Sussex, has been fully restored and will soon be grinding corn for the first time in about thirty years. The late Mr. Hilaire Belloc lived close to the mill, which he greatly loved, for many years. When he died his many friends and admirers contributed towards restoring the mill knowing that it would be the memorial he would most like.

EXPEDITIONS TO A WILD-LIFE PARADISE.

"PORTRAIT OF A WILDERNESS. THE STORY OF THE COTO DONANA EXPEDITIONS": By GUY MOUNTFORT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

LET me make a confession. I don't much like reviewing a book unless I can to some extent check, and perhaps even supplement, the statements of the author. But here is a book about a part of Europe on which I have never set eyes, and a large number of mammals, reptiles and birds with which I am totally unacquainted. So, this week, I am but a reporter of travellers' tales, as though I were Desdemona telling a friend the strange things which Othello had recounted to her. There is in the south-west corner of Spain a very wild district called the Coto Doñana. . . . "The region was for 350 years the hunting reserve of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia and has remained completely isolated and unspoilt. It is to-day the most important wild-life refuge in Europe. Nearly half the bird species of the Continent have been seen there, some in such numbers as to stagger the most blasé ornithologist. Deer, wild boar, lynx and mongoose are numerous there." Considering the number of snakes, I should think that the mongooses may be useful.



AN ANT LION'S TRAP. THE LARVAL ANT LION LIES IN WAIT HIDDEN AT THE VORTEX OF ITS PIT AND FLICKS SAND OVER VICTIMS WHICH FALL IN, TO PREVENT THEIR ESCAPE.

Photographs by Eric Hosking.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Portrait of a Wilderness"; by courtesy of the publisher, Hutchinson.

Mr. Mountfort's book gives an account of three scientific expeditions to these wild lands, which I can well believe form the last great Nature Reserve in Europe. I know not whether the aurochs, the original wild buffalo of Europe, still lingers on in the forests of Poland. I knew some Polish soldiers during the last war who wore on their shoulders the Divisional Badge of an aurochs; but rumours went round afterwards that the invading Germans and Russians had shot and eaten the last few survivors. I dare say that there are still wild parts in Macedonia, and around the mouths of the Danube and the Volga, which could put in a claim to rival Coto Doñana as the last wilderness, and I am using the word "wilderness" in the sense in which the author of this book uses it—that is, not as a tract of waterless land, uninhabited by man or beast, and devoid of vegetation, but as a district which has not been subjected to man's exploitation and extermination. Rather late in the day we in this country have established Nature Reserves and National Parks: whenever any territory is thus designated, the lynxes in Whitehall think "That's just the spot for a Dam, an Atomic Pile, a Television Mast, or an Artillery Practice Ground."

I hope that this book will have no such result. The expeditions described were manned by a variety of well-known naturalists, including Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke (who, whether in Cairo or Morocco during the war, never lost an opportunity, though burdened by heavy duties, of noticing in the garden of whichever palace or hotel he was staying at, or looking out for, rare birds, the existence of which he knew, or for the lesser blue-headed nitwit which was completely new to him.) Sir Julian Huxley was of the party, and Dr. Roger Peterson (a much-travelled man), and

James Fisher, who has done as much as any man, in recent years, to introduce the British public to the countless birds who share our island home with us. Spaniards and Frenchmen also took part; the leader was Mr. Guy Mountfort, the author; and most of the photographs were taken by Mr. Eric Hosking, the most famous, and rightly so, of living bird-photographers.

These parties were not the first parties of naturalists to explore the Coto Doñana. The author says: "The literature of the Coto Doñana is chiefly restricted to the writings of the shotgun naturalists of the period of 1875 to 1910." That is a sad sentence: it reminds me of the natural history books of my youth, in which I used to read that certain species were rare in Britain, but by good luck a specimen had been "obtained" in 1867 or 1877 by a keen naturalist, very often a reverend gentleman.

The wealth of wild life in that, largely marshy, corner of Spain is incredible to an Englishman who remembers that the Great Bustard used to roam Salisbury Plain, and is delighted to know that the Avocet, after long absence, has returned to nest on our shores under strict surveillance. Most of the members of these expeditions seem to have been bird men—and they seem to have found everything they wanted, from Snow Buntings (the skin is now in the Madrid Museum) to Imperial Eagles. For example:

"The banks of the Guadalquivir were literally carpeted with waders. It was impossible to estimate numbers, flock after flock rising as the boat approached. Many of the northern species, such as Grey Plovers, Turnstones, Curlew Sandpipers, Dunlins, Sanderlings and Knots were already in full nuptial plumage, though they still had all of Europe to cross before reaching their usual breeding grounds. Avocets, Black-tailed and Bar-tailed Godwits, and Black-winged Stilts were there in their hundreds, as were Kentish Plovers. Other species noted were Curlews, Whimbrels, Ringed and Little Ringed Plovers, Common, Green and Wood Sandpipers, Ruffs, Lapwings, Redshanks, Greenshanks, and Oyster-catchers. Overhead flew a procession of various herons, egrets, kites and eagles, including our first pair of Spanish Imperials."

The Raptors were numerous and impressive; one of them had a wingspan of 9 ft. Beneath their soaring wings was a vast variety of life—mammals, birds and reptiles. There are Red Deer still there, still native in Scotland, North Devon and West Somerset, but threatened here by societies who would rather see them killed out of existence than hunted. There is a wild boar, a doughty animal whose tenure of life seems to be increasingly precarious in all parts of the world; there is that extraordinary bird the Squacco Heron. There is a lovely picture of this bird, which looks the most enchanting of ballet-dancers, with the comment: "The beautiful little Squacco Heron displaying its golden-buff and pale amethyst-coloured plumes. The drooping crest feathers are black and white." This lovely bird deserves a lovelier name.

The small mammals of the Coto were not thoroughly examined. Though Mr. Mountfort says that: "The fact that we identified ten species of shrews, voles, mice and rats, and four bats is a fair indication that there is no shortage of material." There seems also to be no shortage of reptiles. "The Montpellier Snake is moderately poisonous, but, as its poison fangs are set very far back, it is unlikely to be able to use them in striking at a human unless it succeeds in getting, for example, a finger well inside its mouth. It is a dimorphic species, some being greenish-brown

and others almost black. Abel Chapman referred to 'the Black Snake' in a way which suggested that he mistakenly regarded the melanistic form as a distinct species. He shot one which measured 6 ft. 2 ins., and we heard that a length of 7 ft. had been recorded on the Coto. These monsters have voracious appetites, and Chapman found two full-grown rabbits, both freshly killed, in one specimen he examined. The Ladder Snake, *Elaphe scalaris*, is also numerous. This is a harmless species, growing to about the size of the Water Snake. It is easily identified by the characteristic ladder-like bars between the two parallel dark lines on its back. The one really poisonous species on the Coto is Lataste's Viper, *Vipera latastei*, a sinister-looking beast with a small horn on its nose. Although we seldom saw Vipers they are common in the scrub and around the dune areas and they are not infrequently willing to cross wide expanses of bare sand. Eric Hosking was the only member who had an opportunity to examine one of these snakes closely, having shared his hide with one for a considerable period. He was too engrossed with the birds he was photographing to try to get rid of it, though he warned me to tread carefully when I came later to relieve him. The fifth snake of the region is the harmless little Southern Bordeaux

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. GUY MOUNTFORT.

Mr. Guy Mountfort, who was born in 1905 and has studied birds in five continents, was the leader of the three scientific expeditions to the Coto Doñana, in Southern Spain, in 1952, 1956 and 1957. He is honorary secretary of the British Ornithologists' Union and is well known as a lecturer and broadcaster. He is co-author with Dr. Roger Peterson and Mr. P. A. D. Hollom of "A Field Guide to the Birds of Britain and Europe."



AN INDICATION OF THE MOSQUITO PROBLEM: A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF A LIGHTED OIL-LAMP IN THE PALACIO, WHICH WAS THE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE THREE EXPEDITIONS TO THE COTO DONANA.

Snake, *Coronella girondica*. To find the 'Bordeaux' and 'Montpellier' Snakes in the wilds of the extreme south of Spain is to demonstrate how stupid is the habit of naming creatures after restricted localities, instead of giving them descriptive names."

This is an enchanting book in many ways. I like to think of all these eager bird-watchers scrambling through dangerous places in order to add to the records, and of Mr. Hosking adding to his photographic triumphs, and of the Field Marshal scrambling up ladders in order to record birds in their nests. Everybody interested in wild places or in wild life should read it; but I do hope that it won't lead to a number of the shotgun kind of naturalist trying to get permission to invade this last retreat, or motor-buses full of people going to See Bonny Spain trying to swarm in there. Happily, the whole area is still owned by, and protected by, three Spanish gentlemen with a great interest in wild life and an inherited feeling about their properties. They were the most gracious of hosts to the swarm of naturalists who descended upon them.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 656 of this issue.

* "Portrait of a Wilderness: The Story of the Coto Doñana Expeditions." By Guy Mountfort. Introduction by Field Marshal the Viscount Alanbrooke, K.G., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., D.C.L. Illustrated by Eric Hosking. (Hutchinson; 30s.)

BIRDS IN PARADISE: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES IN SOUTHERN SPAIN'S FABULOUS COTO DONANA.



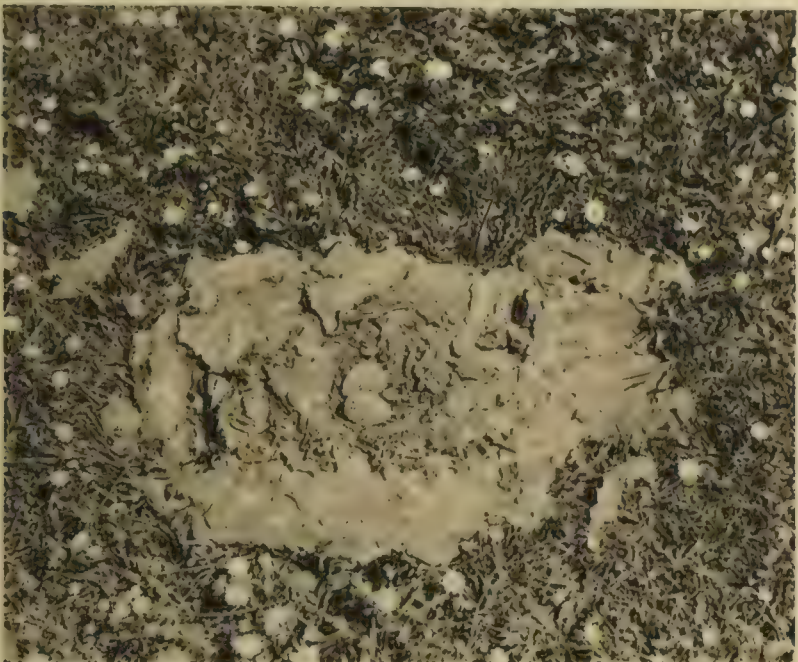
DIGGING ITS UNDERGROUND NEST-HOLE: THE BEE-EATER SUPPORTING ITSELF ON ITS WINGS AND KICKING BACK THE SAND WITH A RAPID PEDALLING MOTION.



SHOWN HERE AT ITS NEST-HOLE IN AN ACACIA: THE FIRST PORTRAIT EVER TAKEN OF THE BLUE-BLACK SPOTLESS STARLING.



WITH A STUFFED EAGLE OWL WHICH WAS USED FOR STUDYING THE "MOBBING" REACTIONS OF CERTAIN BIRDS: MR. GUY MOUNTFORT, THE AUTHOR OF "PORTRAIT OF A WILDERNESS."

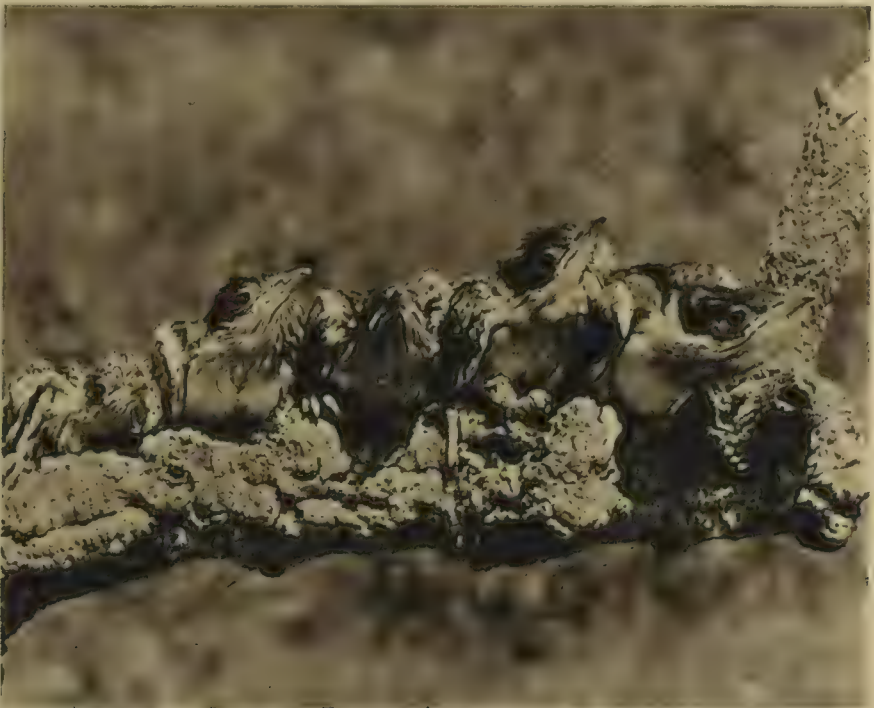


AN UNUSUAL NESTING-SITE: A DRY COW-PAT USED BY SOME PRATINCOLES TO LAY THEIR EGGS ON IN PREFERENCE TO THE BARE GROUND.



MAGPIES AND CUCKOOS: SIX MAGPIE'S EGGS AND (BELOW) THE EGGS OF THREE DIFFERENT GREAT SPOTTED CUCKOOS TEMPORARILY REMOVED FROM THE SAME NEST.

In his book "Portrait of a Wilderness," which is reviewed by Sir John Squire on the facing page, Mr. Guy Mountfort vividly describes the work and adventures of three scientific expeditions to the Coto Doñana, which is the most important wild-life refuge in Europe to-day. This unspoilt and solitary region was the hunting reserve of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia for 350 years and still remains completely isolated. A total of twenty-one people took part in the three expeditions, and included such well-known people as



FROM ANOTHER MAGPIE'S NEST: A BROOD OF YOUNG GREAT SPOTTED CUCKOOS, SHOWING THE CONSIDERABLE DISPARITY IN THEIR AGES.

Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, who took part in two expeditions, Sir Julian Huxley, Dr. Roger Peterson and Mr. James Fisher. Mr. Eric Hosking, the famous bird-photographer, acted as deputy leader on the last two expeditions. He directed all the photographic work, and nearly all the 130 superb photographs which illustrate "Portrait of a Wilderness" (a few of which are reproduced on this and the facing page) were taken by him. The book deals not only with birds, but with the region's varied wild-life.

Photographs by Eric Hosking reproduced from the book "Portrait of a Wilderness," by courtesy of the publisher, Hutchinson.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is one of the charms of fiction that a new sub-species, even the most unlikely, is always possible. Of course they don't occur every day, and may be less original than they sound. Thus the horror comic is comic in name only. But the "horror fairytale"—into which genuine, and weirder class, "Merrily to the Grave," by Kathleen Sully (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.), falls—is a fresh example. I think it has only one exponent; or at least her formula is unique—an indescribable blend of putrescence, magic and consolation. Only Dickens, nosing through the gutters with Sally Brass, can evoke as much fetor with as little queasiness; like Miss Sully, indeed, he is a true "horror comic." But Dickens has other worlds; and he believes in villainy like a child. Miss Sully has this one corner of the imagination, from which villainy is exorcised.

It doesn't allow of much growth, and may never again achieve the phosphorescent, redeemed ghastliness of "Canal in Moonlight." Nothing since has been quite so shocking, or extraordinary; and the present tale has an almost cosy feeling. The scene is a queer boarding-house in Brighton, a refuge for waifs and strays. Certainly the new arrivals, the poor old Thydes—turned into the street, for a humiliating reason, with "three small suitcases and each other"—are painful beyond pathos. And the next comer, an innocent-seeming, well-bred girl, has a double life; in London she is a prostitute, from perversity. She is soon followed by Johnny, the unfledged spiv, who has caused the death of an old man. Not that he meant to; he only wanted a "chance," to wit, the cash-box. And he has got away with it. The established inmates are less abnormal, less visibly on the run, and correspondingly drearier. And the patroness of their cluttered, braying, incoherent sanctuary is a Miss Havisham gone to seed: a dumpling with frizzy hair, dressed in the style of 1918, when her lover jilted her. (Only she tells everyone he died.) Hesta is rich, though it doesn't show. And more—under her "life-lie" and grotesque appearance, she is a good fairy. Even her revolting old cat is a means of grace...

Yet the horror has not withered away. Frightful things are described, with frightful terseness. Egoists and bores change their shape; but so does at least one of the humble. And when finally the house is ablaze, Hesta, the compassionate Hesta, stands gazing up at it in misery and remorse. But Johnny sings on the roof; and we remember the interior as a magic cavern, only to be entered by luck.

OTHER FICTION.

"Ciske the Rat," by Piet Bakker (Michael Joseph; 15s.), is, we are told, a European best-seller, which won a film prize in Venice with the subtitle: "A Child Needs Love." Thus we have an idea what to expect—and get it exactly. The story is very simple, openly didactic, and related by a young schoolmaster in Amsterdam. There is to be a new pupil in his class: according to the head, a born scourge, a typical juvenile delinquent. Bruis, however, takes to the Rat—a proud, forlorn little boy from a shocking home. Ciske's mother is a vicious termagant; his stoker father walked out on her, and is nearly always at sea. Bullied and unloved, he has learnt to repel everyone tooth and claw; but in a kinder air he soon begins to thaw out. Then, just as his father is going to divorce and marry a nice woman, comes the fearful setback. Under extreme provocation, Ciske flies into a rage with his mother and hurls a knife at her. By pure chance it is fatal; and the Rat is now faced with reform school and a lifelong stigma...

One may think that the drawing of Ciske and his friends at work and play has a sentimental streak. But it is full of observed detail, and as charming as the rather wooden translation allows.

"The One-Eyed Monster," by Allan Prior (Bodley Head; 15s.), is a television drama. Rick Wilton, the narrator, produces parlour games. Enter to him Fred Miffin, the fairground sage—who goes about selling china and giving advice on personal problems. Miffin is a natural Lonely-hearts, all spontaneity and horse sense; and as he is also a "natural" on TV, it swells him into a public idol, besieged by clients. Rick has a problem himself—whether to ditch his absentee actress wife for an enamoured secretary; and while he is mulling over it, Miffin is being corrupted by his vehicle and falling apart. Lots of inside dope, and a naïve grip at "question-time." But machine-made.

"The Man with the Cane," by Jean Potts (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a very intricate, first-rate story, about an American family—or semi-family—group: hero and ex-wife, ex-wife's new husband, ex-wife's mother and brother, and brother's ex-wife. And the original exes' little girl. It is the child who starts the ball rolling, with her prattle about a certain "Cane," who is good at riddles and played Old Maid with her. Doris pronounces him a fantasy. But that very night Val stumbles over him as a corpse... There is plenty more; indeed, there would be too much, if we were not sustained by the treatment and the family atmosphere.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE Middlesex League this year was split into two sections. Harrow finished top of one of these sections, Athenæum of the other. The final match between these two famous clubs was consequently the climax of the League's season.

Imagine the consternation in the Athenæum ranks when, three minutes from the start of the match, the whisper went round that one of their players was a queen and a rook to the bad! Some of the games had not even started! This shattering blow to morale undoubtedly played a big part in bringing about Athenæum's eventual defeat by 6-2, a margin which obviously exaggerates the two clubs' difference in strength.

That the sufferer was a well-known county player and had had the advantage of playing White enhanced the fantasy. That the beneficiary was the Hon. Secretary of the British Chess Federation—an office which, guaranteeing chronic over-work, usually wrecks the office-holder's chess ability in short order—certainly enhances the news value.

The play:

QUEEN'S PAWN; HIGHLY IRREGULAR DEFENCE.

L. STEPHENS	A. F. STAMMWITZ
White	Black
1. P-Q4	P-K4

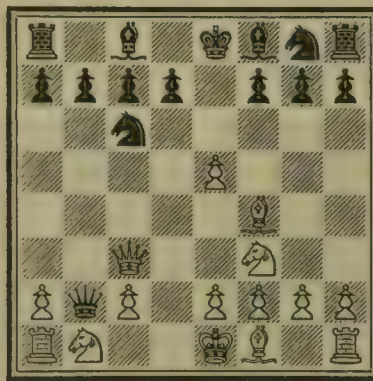
A bizarre move favoured by Stammwitz. Of course, if you do this sort of thing, anything is liable to happen.

2. P×P	Kt-QB3
3. B-B4	Q-K2
4. Kt-KB3	Q-Kt5ch
5. Q-Q2	

Losing horribly.

Since his bishop is attacked, the only alternative is 5. B-Q2. After 5... Q×P; 6. B-B3, Black safeguards his queen by pinning White's bishop (6... B-Kt5) as in the game. Since 7. Q-Q2, B×B; 8. Q×B (to save the rook) would allow mate by 8... Q-B8, it seems White has nothing better than 7. B×B, Q×R, which leaves him the exchange to the bad without any positional compensation. So apparently his troubles date back to move No. 4!

5.	Q×P
6. Q-B3	



6.	B-Kt5!
7. B-Q2	B×Q

Horror upon horror! White now perceives that he cannot even play 8. B×B, because of 8... Q-B8 mate. So he tried

8. K-Q1	Q×R
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So Black is a queen and a rook up in just eight moves: a cataclysm for which it would be difficult to find any precedent in chess history.

Amazingly, he tried, instead of resigning:

9. B×B	Q×Ktch
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and continued, in this utterly hopeless situation, for some twenty moves yet!

Captain Sherbrooke, Hitler's order to scrap the German surface fleet, and the resignation of Admiral Raeder. The action is what is usually called an "epic," and Mr. Pope handles it as such. Most moving of all, because told without any undue emphasis, is the story of the Captain's wife, Mrs. Sherbrooke, quietly taking the messages from the battle in the Admiralty Operations Room, not knowing whether her husband was alive or dead.

"Air War Against Japan, 1943-1945" (published by the Australian War Memorial and distributed by Angus and Robertson; 25s.), by George Odgers, is the second volume in the third series entitled "Australia in the War of 1939-1945." It is a carefully-documented compilation, invaluable for the military historian.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM LORD CHATHAM TO MODERN AIR AND SEA WARFARE.

MR. O. A. SHERRARD'S "Lord Chatham and America" (Bodley Head; 30s.), in which he has completed the three volumes which comprise his life of the Great Commoner, pricks my conscience and reminds me of the missed opportunities of youth. For somewhere, I have a contract (and, indeed, the notes for the beginnings of a manuscript) commissioning me to write just such a life—a task which the foreshadowing of war and all that has happened since has never enabled me to fulfil. Mr. Sherrard's work is of the greatest distinction, masterly in its grasp of the complicated problems of the day, in its judgments of character, and in its clarity of thought and exposition. Nor is Mr. Sherrard's treatment of his subject conventional. This third volume will probably be regarded by most historians as the most controversial, for the author has come to the conclusion that Chatham's last years were by no means the disaster which some critics have pretended; that he was not "the man most responsible for confusion in domestic affairs between 1760 and 1778." Mr. Sherrard takes Namier's famous indictment (published in *England in the Age of the American Revolution*) and answers it point by point, in the leisurely and judicial manner which his 380 pages afford him. He tackles Chatham's relations with Bute, his refusal to lead the Opposition, his refusal to co-operate with the Rockinghams, his last Ministry and his final breakdown. It is a clear-cut and convincing picture of a man respected but rejected, used by the King and his friends, envied, distrusted and misunderstood. "As for himself," he writes, "he was (in 1762) a lonely man; Bute had come between him and the King, Newcastle between him and the Commons." The story is really one of Chatham's "second Seven Years' War—a war against the King and indeed the Whigs on behalf of (my interpolation: what can vaguely in the eighteenth century context be called) democracy, on behalf of electoral reform and an end of corruption, on behalf of sweet reasonableness in the conduct of the Empire, and above all on behalf of liberty and justice for the individual." It was a war in which the Great Commoner was defeated—largely, Mr. Sherrard believes, because he ceased to be the Great Commoner by accepting the Earldom of Chatham. It was a prize which had always glittered before Pitt's eyes, a prize to which he was eminently entitled, but a prize which robbed him of influence with the common people (in the electoral and extra-electoral sense) and removed him from the Lower House, which he understood and could control, to the Upper House, where he was a *novus homo*. It is possible, perhaps, to make too much of this circumstance. There were, after all, other influences at work, including Pitt's own rapid deterioration of mental and physical powers. Nevertheless, the case is well made out.

Mr. Sherrard's style is particularly attractive, and his biography will give real and lasting pleasure both to the historian and to the reader with no special knowledge of the period.

Our modern wars tend to last rather less long than Chatham's "seven years," but that is about all one can say for them. Among a spate of books about the Second World War, I was pleased to come across a new account of war in the air from 1914 to 1918, Mr. Quentin Reynolds's "They Fought for the Sky" (Cassell; 21s.). This is not a documentary work or a definitive history. "It is, in the main," writes the author, "a story of the aircraft and the men who flew them. But I was more interested in what the young pilots ate and drank, what songs they sang and what thoughts they had, and what they did in their spare time, than I was in the horsepower of the engines which powered the aircraft they flew." It is this warm humanity—extended to the men on both sides of the battle—that makes this book such good reading.

Mr. Dudley Pope's "73 North" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 21s.) is more detailed and technical, but equally dramatic. His theme is the battle of the Barents Sea, which took place towards the end of 1942. Captain, now Admiral Sherbrooke, in command of only four destroyers, fought off the German *Lützow* and *Hipper*, with a destroyer escort of six, from the British convoy which they had attacked. The result was a V.C. for



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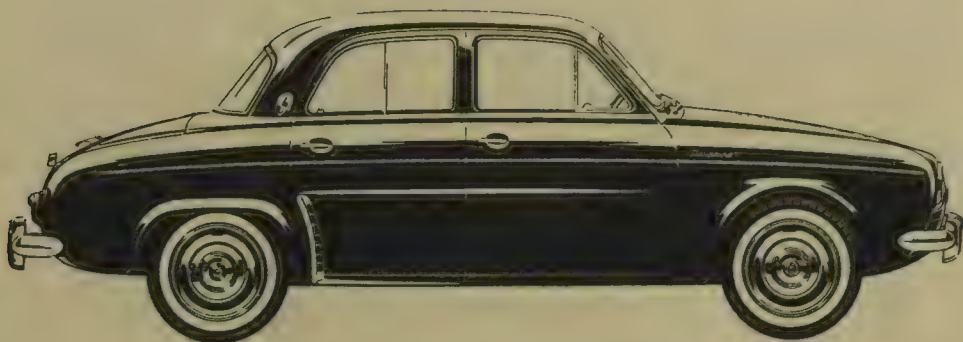
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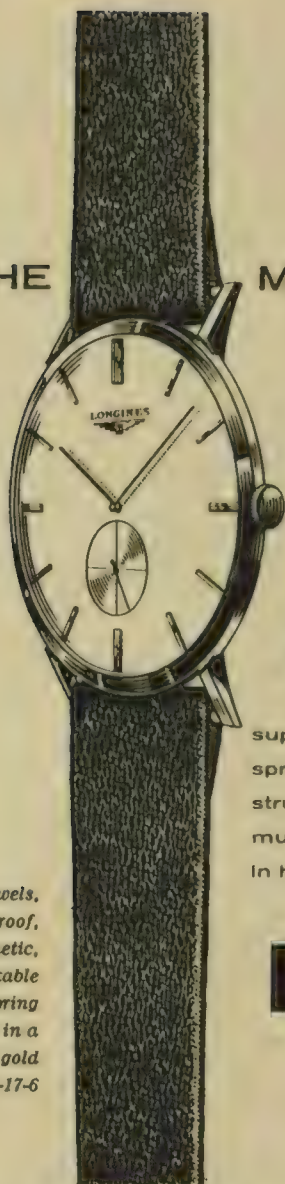


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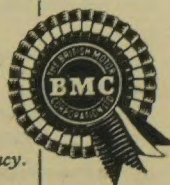
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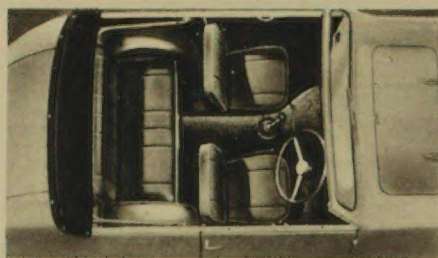


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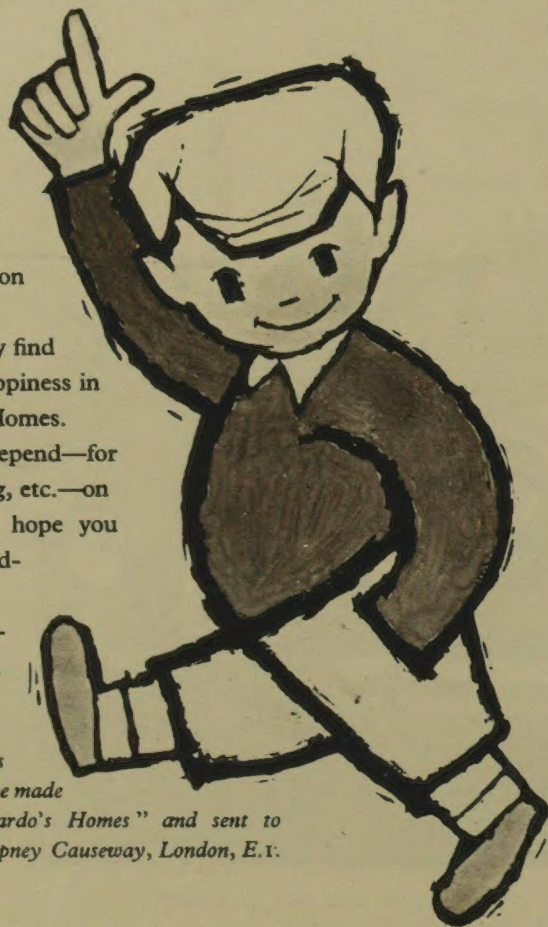
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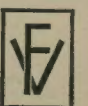
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